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Volume CLXXIX No. 2339 The SPHERE, London, November 18, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN SECRETARY IN PARIS. **MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE as he makes his way through the capital. General de Gaulle is on the right, Mr. Anthony Eden behind the Premier**

When Mr. Churchill arrived in Paris last Friday it was the first time that he had visited the French capital since the dark days of 1940. His first public appearance was at the Armistice Day celebrations on Saturday in the Champs Elysées, where he wore the uniform of an Air Commodore of the R.A.F. Mr. Churchill was accompanied by General de Gaulle and Mr. Eden, and by a number of prominent Frenchmen. He was greeted rapturously by a crowd of 100,000 Parisians, who cheered him to the echo. During his stay, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary discussed many subjects of first-class importance for both countries, and the political conversations were "wide and general." Mr. Churchill was made a "citoyen d'honneur" of Paris and was presented with a German flag captured during the battle of Liberation. It has been reported that his Air Commodore's uniform "mystified" the crowd, and their rapturous greeting often broke out just after he had passed !

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 272

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Guildhall Review 1944,—

The Premier is a master of words, and masters of all arts can, and do, take risks which lesser men dare not take. I judge (and it is of no importance) that Mr. Churchill took less time to prepare his Guildhall 1944 speech than any other of his notable public war speeches. What he said was as sound as ever in sense, matter and proportion, but it was clear to me, perhaps exceptionally, that it was below sample in his mastery of words and, on the record, in style, as oratory or as prose. It is not important because every hearer or reader clearly understood what he said and meant and implied. We know that he is to-day impressed by the still formidable powers of resistance of the enemy, and that this has been in some sort an unpleasant surprise. Optimism "broke in" when France was swept clean and Antwerp taken intact. It broke in too soon. He realises that every day the war continues now is for humanity a day too many. For the fate of European civilisation and security each such day, so tragic for humanity, *must* be made effective for the common aim—to render Germany impotent to upset the conditions of peace, which are not yet settled and cannot be settled until Nazism is on its knees. Hence his insistence on the early meeting of the big three at another Teheran. Their last meeting assured to 1944 a record of triumph and advance which beat the "unbeatable" record of 1943. The new Teheran must crowd into the *first half* of 1945 the same measure of record-breaking. The Premier, who is the most loyal Chief-of-State whom British Generals-in-the-field have ever relied on, set the victories of silent Alexander and of the Canadian-British-American-Polish forces on the Scheldt in their just perspectives, and made it clear to us what they meant, what they have achieved and what they will now make possible. For six months more, everywhere, at home, at the fronts, by sea and in air and on land, it is "sweat and blood and toil"—the mixture as before, or even stronger—and unity and loyalty to season the dish; and just as urgently as in the dark days of 1940. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte?* Rather now, it is the last ounce, the last determined stride, that will decide if six years of ceaseless, unrelenting strain are to be thrown away or to achieve their end—the end of everlasting anxiety, of human agony and of imbecile waste of the means to improve the lot of humanity. Humanity has suffered too long and too much.

Presidential Election —

I think the most suspicious politicians "over there" will acquit the British Press of having interfered with the Presidential Election in the U.S.A. I think our Press has not blotted its copybook. Its "copy" has been admirably restrained, even to the point of neglect. This, indeed, is my first reference to a Presidential Election since 1941. It seems to me that the world itself fell silent while the great count was being taken. Everywhere the war died down; east and west and south and north, in the steppes and the polders, the mountains and the plains, while the U.S.A., under the sometimes embarrassing terms of its constitution, enjoyed its periodic "combined-coronation-and-general-election." Such elections in the States are always times of fever. Things are said which are unusual in the brief periods of peace between-elections. Bitterness breaks out. America has long been 100 per cent in the war. Her armies, navies, air forces and industries are to-day bearing perhaps the mightiest share of the Allied burden. Only in one sector is America less war-conscious and war-stricken than the other Allied protagonists—on her domestic front. In the cities and, *a fortiori*, in the great spaces of the Middle and West of America, the sound of the grinding of war is pitched lower than in London or Moscow, Bomb Alley or Stalingrad. If it were not so, the present Presidential Election could hardly have staged its time-honoured features and fevers. In all elections, men declare with more or less honesty their hopes that "the best man may win." It only remained for us in Britain to echo that cliché, with the rider that now after five years of war there must be locked up in Mr. Roosevelt's heart a treasury of complicated knowledge, data, secrets and experience which it would be hard for any successor to acquire or take over until the crisis is reached and passed.

What They Seem.—

"Things are not always what they seem." The moralist has said so for centuries. Our natural optimism, or the need to boost up morale in times of danger, turns our geese into swans; again, natural pessimism or malice paints things too black. And in due course our swans are shown up, our self-imagined paradises exposed, or our self-painted devils revealed as mere imps. Thus, only the other day, China was held up as the model of the new Democracy and Chiang as the perfect head of the perfectly-united China. To-day, quite suddenly, this paradise is exposed as a sham, and we are told that China is in the throes of bitter civil war, graft-ridden and corrupt, and the Marshal, or Generalissimo, only one of several war-lords of contending factions. The Stilwell affair caused this unexpected and unpleasant transformation. Or take France. France for about four years was undoubtedly under the heel of the invader, in totality. Of late (and even now) we celebrated her total emancipation. Free France is free once more—clear at last of the hated enemy. Read it in headlines. Yet in sober truth, and apart from "isolated pockets" in certain Channel ports, France is yet by no means free. A great stretch of her most important coastline, and many vital ports, are strongly held by 60,000 well-armed Nazis, who are still supplied by air, and even by sea, with munitions and mail. And, so far as we know, no great effort is being made to liquidate this outsize pocket. Two instances out of many. There are many excuses to urge for this "simplification" of realities by headlines in print and in oratory. All of us, pundits and simple public, are over-busy. And many of us also have not yet learned to read smaller types. We can manage headlines and generalities and simplified spelling. But we jib at anything which requires an effort of reasoning. These two instances at least account for the extraordinary volte-faces in our verdicts about (say) Stalin and Russia in the past four years, or about Italy to-day, yesterday and the day before yesterday; or about Finland now and then. . . . It is natural enough, no doubt. War creates necessities, and Necessity produces strange bed-fellows; in wartime there is only superficial oddity in the idea of *Homo sapiens* going to bed with blind and unreasoning belief in crude headlines and sweeping, simplified assertions. But, because so very many of us are still in the early stages of the three R.s, a special responsibility rests on our leaders—including the Press and B.B.C.—not to simplify too much, not to rely solely on headlines, not to divide humanity exclusively into two categories, angels or devils; in short, to help us to discriminate a little more and even employ our reason. "Reading without tears," no doubt it must be, if we are to read at all. But perhaps we can compass something less brief and sweeping than headlines, and distinguish half-tones as well as ivory-white and ebony-black. With such assistance we may be spared henceforth these sudden and crushing discoveries, these shattered heavens, these fallen angels. The truth is perfection is rarely attained. Total devils are very few, and 100 per cent. angels rare in our imperfect world. It is better to paint in half-tones and to think with qualification; and that applies to the past, to the present and even to the future.

ROCKETS TO ASSIST SEAFIRES FROM THE DECKS OF AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS : Two rockets are fitted to each side of the fuselage. Seafires and other planes of the Fleet Air Arm are now being fitted with rocket-propulsion units to assist the aircraft to take off in light winds at sea with heavier loads. The rockets contain cordite : they explode with a terrific roar and push the plane into the air almost straight from the deck towards the end of the run, thus reducing the take-off distance. Mounted in pairs on each side of the fuselage, the rockets vary according to the type of aircraft and the load carried. All the rockets are fired simultaneously and give an assisted take-off lasting four seconds

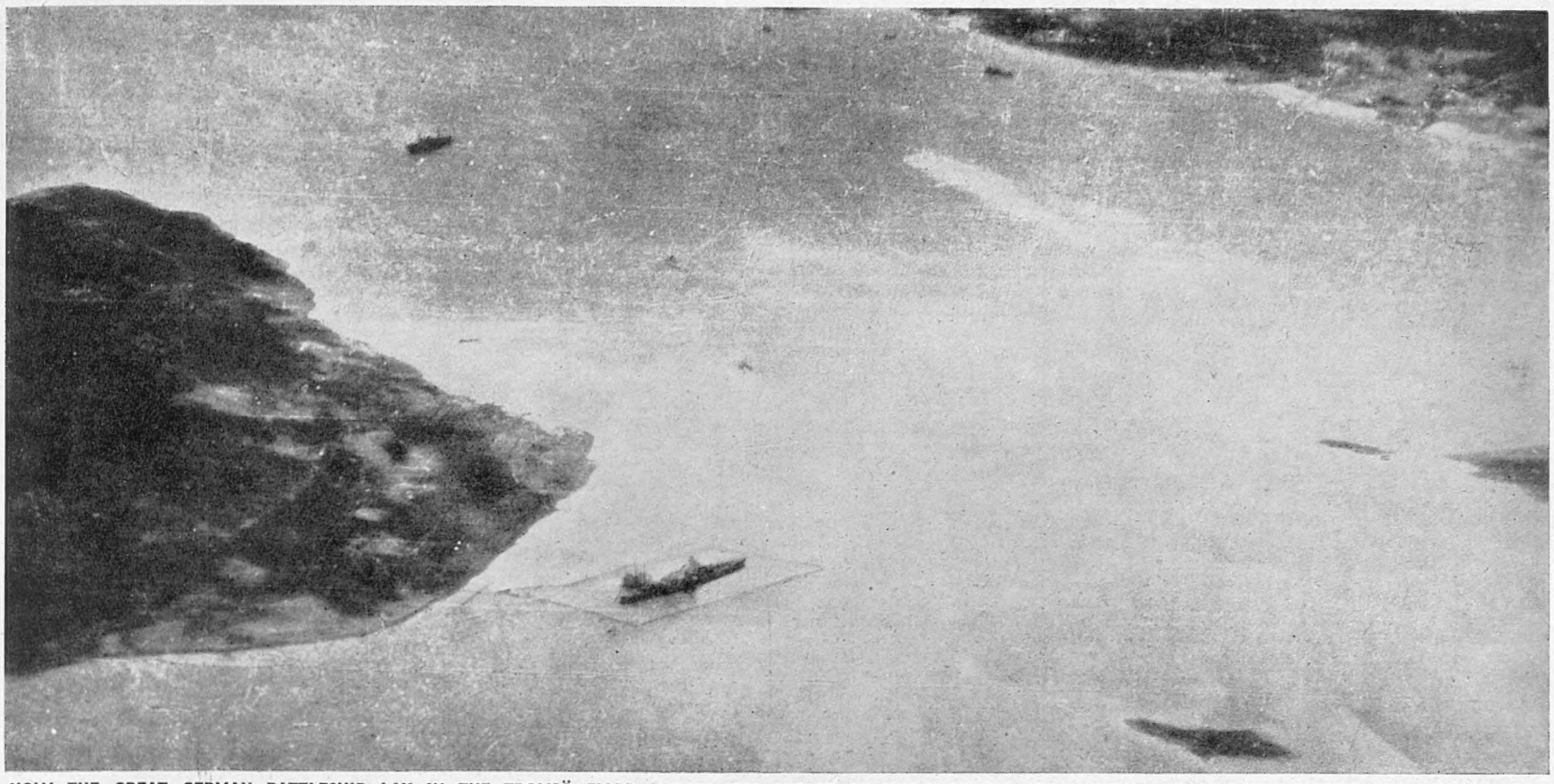
Man's Allotted Span.—

I do not know whether statistics contradict what seems to me proven—that the men of my generation have a shorter expectation of life than their fathers had. In a great era of peace, the Victorians laughed at the "Psalmist's warning" and outlived "three-score years and ten," despite the cares of office and responsibility in public life. Or so it seems to me, as to-day it seems to me that my contemporaries die untimely. God knows there is justification for the belief. Public responsibility in the era 1910-44 must have exceeded in gravity and strenuousness and wear and tear twice that period of responsibility in the pre-wars era. The wonder is that the men who have borne the burden of responsibility in the wars of our time have kept their health and strength and nerve even to the Psalmist's limit. No doubt it is true that old age is to some extent a habit of mind—a disciplined mind enables a man to forget his cares for brief, ordered periods; to sleep at will. Such a mind Mr. Churchill no doubt has. Men still live to a great age, even public men; yet how many public men in the last few weeks have died untimely? William Temple and Geoffrey Dawson of late have died in what was for the Victorians often the prime of life. So, untimely, have died in this war and in the last scores of war leaders, military and civilian. And yet we know too little about the physical and mental conditions which govern longevity for any confident premises to be put forward. For some natures responsibility is clearly the breath of life; such natures grow old from lack of it. Lord Strathmore, who never gave the appearance of robustness, lived into his ninetieth year, a life peaceful, useful and secluded, albeit full of sorrows and of great experiences. William Temple and Geoffrey Dawson both bore great responsibility for long periods and died before their time, to the surprise and regret of large circles of admirers. Still, as of old, the mystery of life and death eludes us. "Time and Chance happeneth to them all." Chance, the bullets of foul assassins, struck down Lord Moyne in the flower of his useful life. We have but one comforting certainty to alleviate the tragedy of the daily casualty lists. It is that length of years is in itself no criterion of a life well spent and fully used. A man who dies at twenty may well have used his talent to the full and crowded into it the achievements and the honour of the Psalmist's full span. *Ad bene vivendum.*

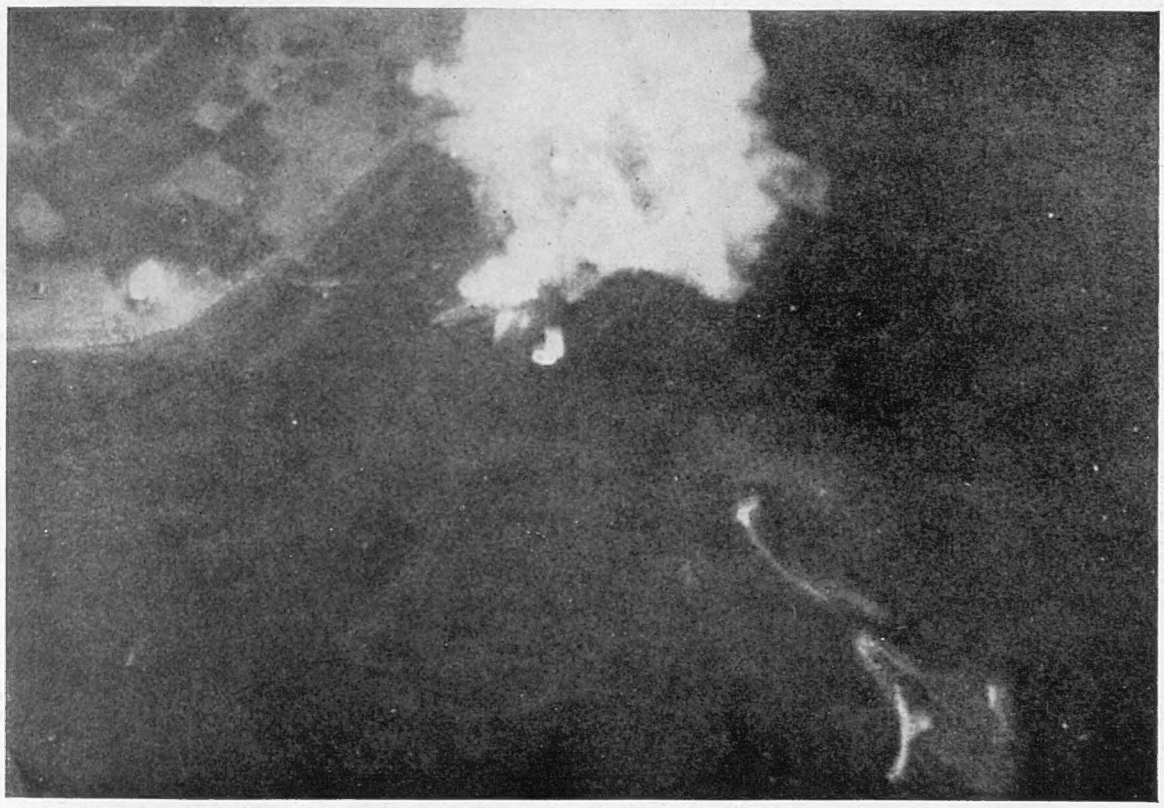
Say Not Good-bye.—

The War Office has ruled that the word "farewell" must not be used to qualify any parade (voluntary, of course) or junketing in connection with the Home Guard. This is a face-saving order very typical of the bad, old War Office tradition, which its modern efficiency and humanity have scotched but not apparently killed. I won't enlarge on that. The War Office order was unnecessary. Memory holds the door. There is no slamming it, no need to order that it should be held open. I have come fresh from a voluntary junketing, a dinner given by the officers to the N.C.O.s of a company of this democratic, unpaid, part-time Army, and no order or counter-order can affect or obliterate my memories and experiences of four years as a Home Guard. They are too comforting, too valuable, too vivid for me to say good-bye to all that. I was not born to exuberant optimism. I am slow to believe in brave new worlds or even an *annus mirabilis*. But I have learned by local experience among humble men how sound at heart this old country still is, and I believe that while we have men in the towns and villages of England so patient under management and mismanagement, so decent at heart, so friendly, helpful and neighbourly, so inspired with a sense of duty, sense of humour, sense of citizenship, so tolerant of the faults of others, so cognizant of their own . . . so long as we possess a leavening of this quality, England will remain a decent place to live in and the envy of the Western World, despite all the sombre and imponderable and grievous obstacles that block the view and obstruct the road to a new Jerusalem. No need to say *don't say farewell* to all that.

THE OLD STAGER



HOW THE GREAT GERMAN BATTLESHIP LAY IN THE TROMSÖ FIORD BEFORE THE ATTACK BY THE R.A.F. ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12: Surrounding the big vessel is an anti-torpedo boom, for protection against midget submarines and torpedo-bombers



1—THE ATTACK FROM THE AIR: The flash from two bombs bursting—one on the shore and one on the "Tirpitz." The outline of the battleship is visible beneath the dense smoke from an earlier bomb-burst

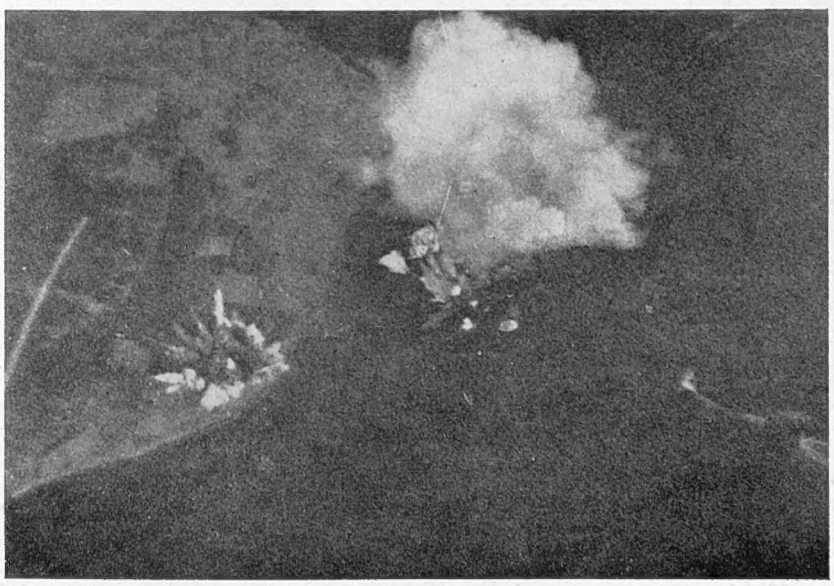
THE END OF THE "TIRPITZ"

Sunk in Tromsö Fiord by the R.A.F. on November 12

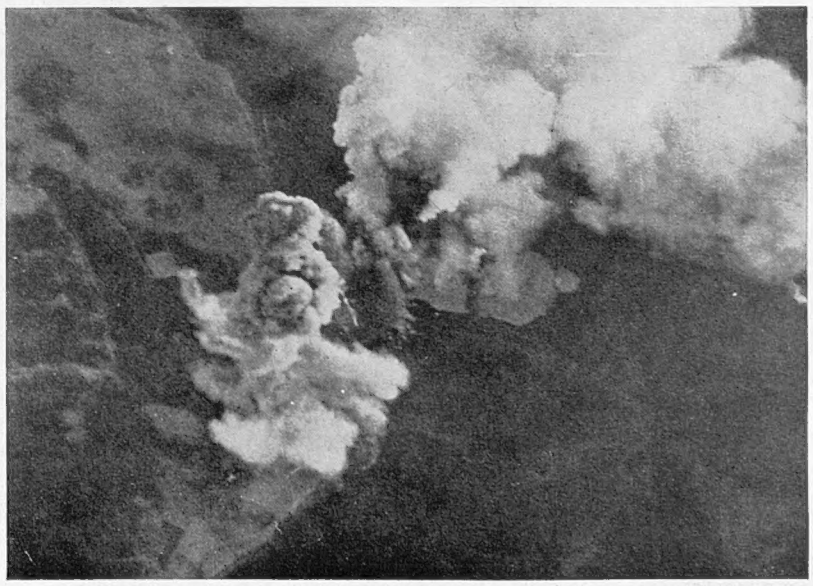
On Sunday morning last the great German battleship *Tirpitz* met her end. Twenty-nine Lancasters of Bomber Command, making a surprise attack, knocked out the last serviceable enemy capital ship, in the Tromsö Fiord, where she had taken shelter on her way back to Germany from the Alten Fiord, in the northern part of Norway.

The first bomb from the Lancasters knocked out the anti-aircraft guns mounted on the deck of the *Tirpitz*. Fifteen minutes later the vessel was ablaze. Before the last aircraft had left the scene she had capsized and sunk, leaving 700 ft. of her keel and part of her hull showing above the waters of the fiord. Only one Lancaster was announced as lost.

The *Tirpitz* had been forced to break her journey at Tromsö owing to previous damage inflicted upon her: she lay in comparatively open surroundings, with less anti-aircraft protection than she had previously enjoyed at Alten Fiord. Nevertheless, A.-A. positions had been built up on her decks and on the nearby shore. The Lancasters arrived at 10.30 a.m., and the *Tirpitz* was hit almost immediately The bombers used 12,000-pounders. One apparently hit amidships, another in the bows, and a third towards the stern.



2—A FEW SECONDS AFTER NO. 1 WAS TAKEN: Smoke billows out from the bomb-bursts and the outline of the "Tirpitz" is still visible



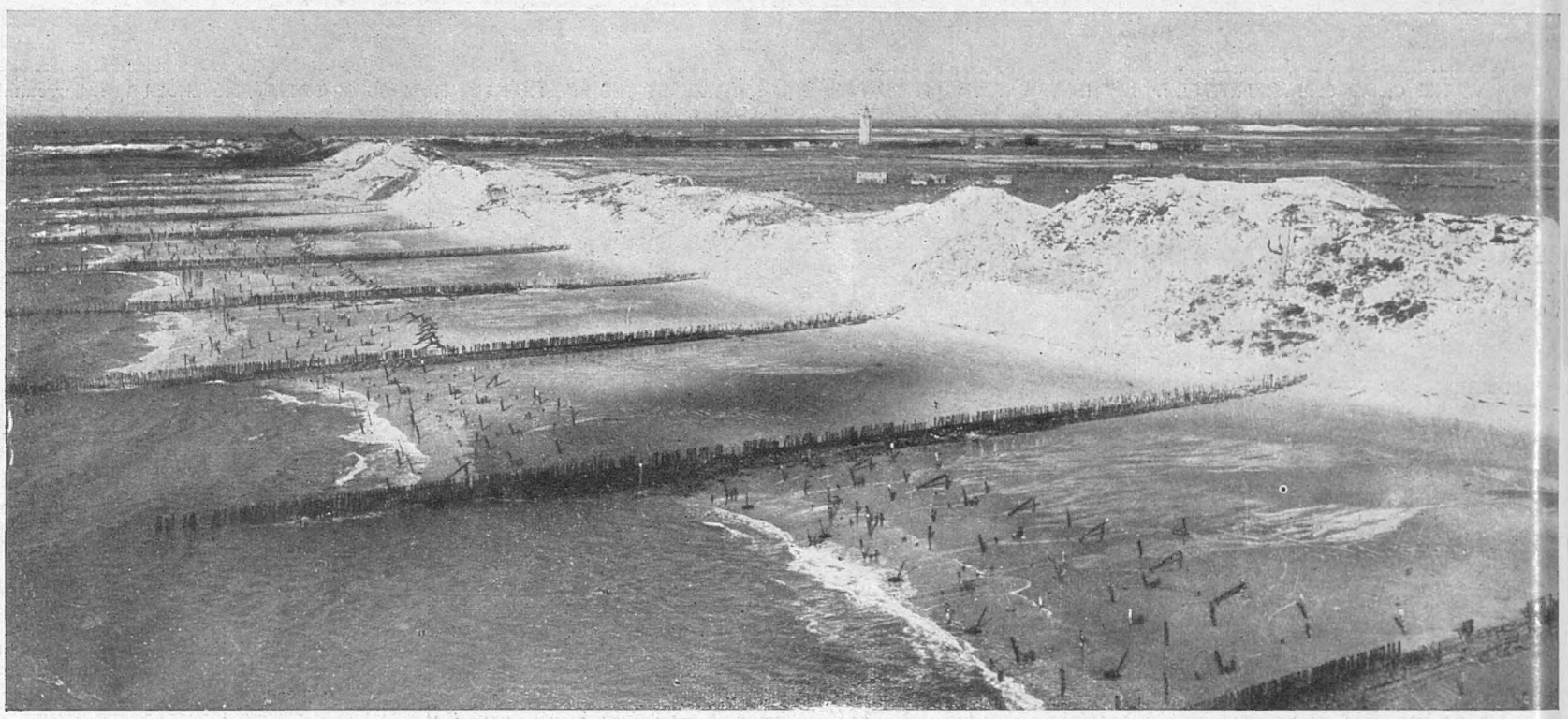
3—JUST BEFORE THE BIG BATTLESHIP CAPSIZED AND SANK. Smoke from the bombs towers above the target, which is now completely obscured

THE BREACH IN THE DYKE TO THE WEST OF FLUSHING : This can be seen on the right of the view—it was the work of the R.A.F. All the streets of the port were flooded and, apart from the dock structures, it was difficult to identify it as a port. "The only landmarks are the trees rising out of the water," said one pilot who flew over the island whilst fighting there was still in progress

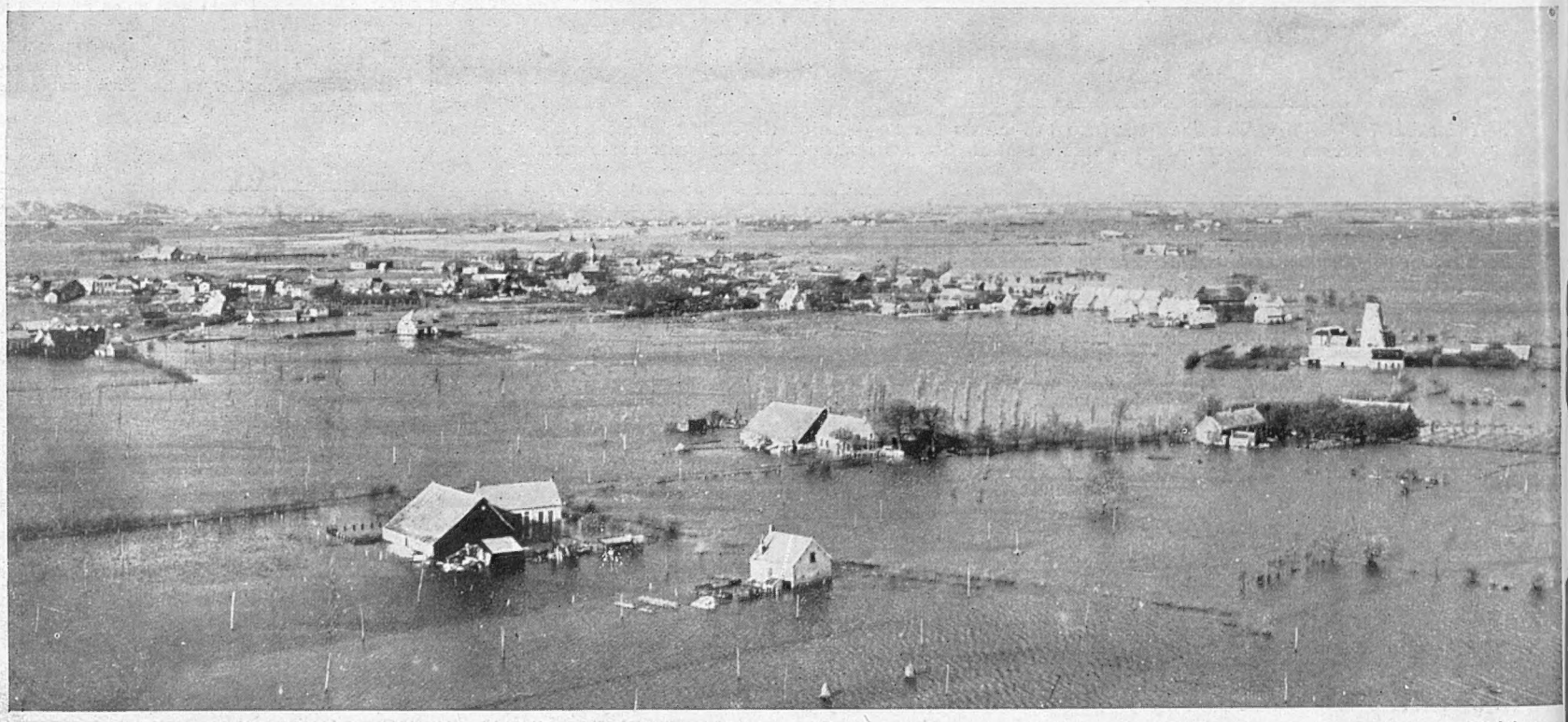
The FLOODS on WALCHEREN ISLAND

As Seen from the Air After the Surrender of the Germans

When the sea-walls surrounding the island of Walcheren were breached by the R.A.F., the floods were slow to start. The area around Westkapelle—where the first breach was made—was, it is true, quickly under water; but it took some days for the whole island to become affected. Then it was announced that nine-tenths of Walcheren was under water. How true that estimate was may be seen from the pictures reproduced here, all of which were taken a few days ago by an Allied aircraft flying low over the island. In addition to the R.A.F. attacks on the sea-walls, the Germans caused inundations in certain areas to assist their defence. During the final stages of the campaign on Walcheren many of our troops were fighting almost waist-high in water; and the assault on Middelburg itself was in fact, carried out in boats!



ALONG THE WEST COAST OF THE ISLAND NEAR WESTKAPELLE : To the left of the picture is the North Sea, into which run breakwaters to check the force of the waves : on the beach are obstructions put up as anti-invasion defences by the Germans. Behind the dyke floods are spreading inland after the breaking of the sea-walls by the R.A.F.



THE FLOODED AREA IN THE INTERIOR BETWEEN FLUSHING AND MIDDELBURG. The latter town is seen in the centre of the picture. The whole of Walcheren Island lies below sea-level; and at high tide the water rises 6 ft. above the land. Farmhouses and many gun emplacements were soon marooned amongst the floods, and progress across the island, except by the raised roadways, was practically impossible

MIDDELBURG AND THE FLOODED COUNTRY WHICH SURROUNDS IT. This island has been compared to a saucer, with only its rim showing above the water and with its biggest town, Middelburg, rising out of the floods in the centre. In all, the sea-walls surrounding Walcheren were breached in seven places, the largest gap being about 100 to 120 yards across: the dykes have also been partly demolished in at least another seven places

THE CANAL, ROAD AND RAIL FROM FLUSHING (IN FOREGROUND) TOWARDS MIDDELBURG. The port has been partly devastated by bombing and shelling, as this picture, taken from the air, shows. It has been estimated that it will be ten years before the island can be restored to its original state of thriving farmland after the great damage caused by the sea-water

b

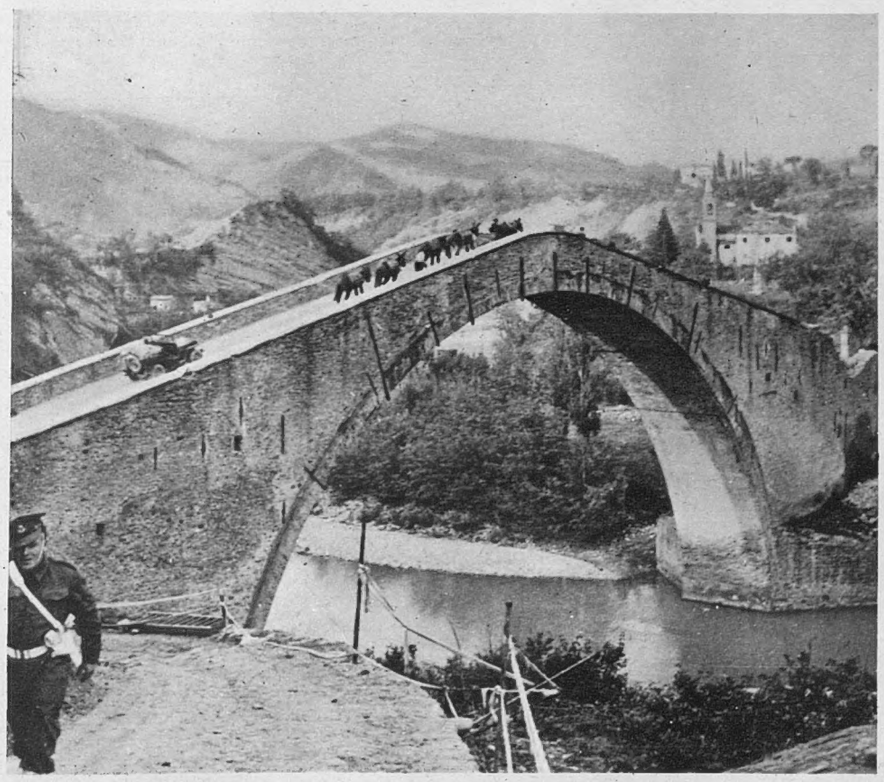
THE LATEST PICTURES FROM ITALY

Moving up Towards Bologna through the Apennine Mountains

From May 11 up to the beginning of this month, the Germans have used thirty divisions in Italy. Of these, they have lost 34,000 killed, 104,000 wounded and 56,000 prisoners—a total of 194,000—equivalent to the total destruction of fifteen full-strength divisions. Allied losses during the same period may not yet be published. These figures were given by General Alexander during his recent review of the course of the campaign in Italy. The C.-in-C. also stated that at no time during the fighting have the Allies had any but slight superiority in numbers, but our superiority in the air is complete, and we have more tanks.

Whilst the general attention has, naturally, been directed largely towards Holland during recent weeks, THE SPHERE has never ceased to publish pictures from Italy illustrative of the difficult terrain, the appalling weather conditions and the nature of the bitter fighting in which our troops have been engaged. The pictures reproduced here (mostly from the Fifth Army—or western sector) carry on the tale of this campaign and are among the most recent to have reached England.

A SCENE DURING THE ADVANCE ON BOLOGNA: In their drive towards that great Italian city, British troops of the Fifth Army captured Castel del Rio, up in the Apennines, and then pushed on to capture several important heights, in spite of the bad weather. Notwithstanding the enemy shells, every possible parking space in Castel del Rio was occupied by British vehicles of all types soon after our occupation of the little town

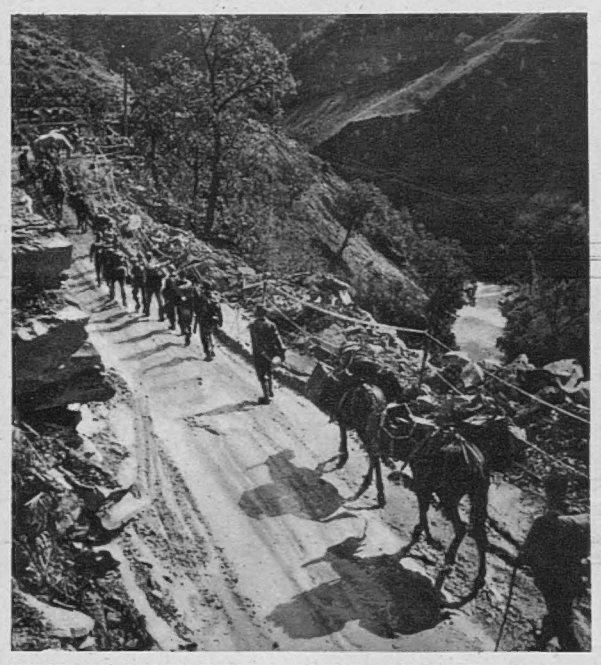


AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CASTEL DEL RIO: Pack-mules and jeeps crossing an ancient and picturesque humped-back bridge on their way to supply forward troops in the hills beyond the town. The operations in this area are being carried out by the Fifth Army, on the western side of the great Apennine range which runs down the spine of Italy

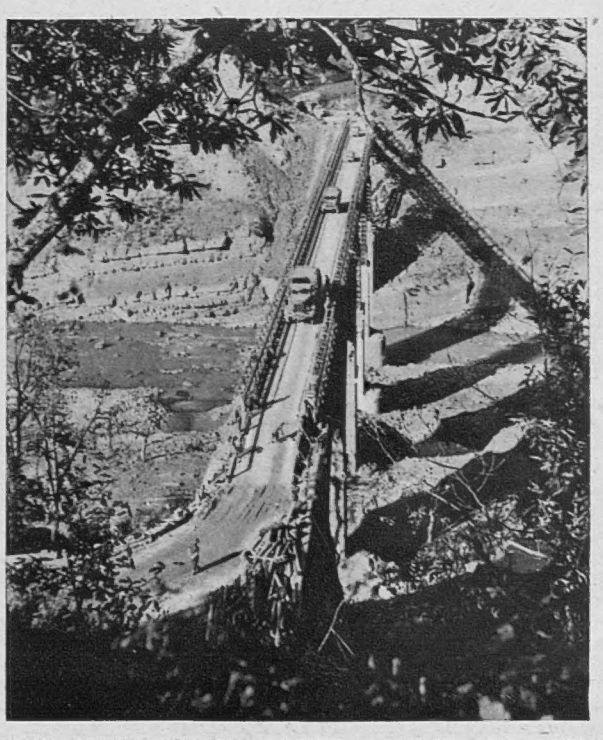
THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY—Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreery leaving Greek Headquarters with Colonel Tasklaotos. On November 4 it was announced that General Sir Oliver Leese had been appointed Commander of the Eleventh Army Group in Burma: Lieut.-General McCreery succeeds him in Italy. The new Eighth Army Commander is an expert on armoured warfare: he was adviser on Armoured Fighting Vehicles at Middle East Headquarters before Alamein, and later became General Alexander's Chief of Staff. Since August 1943 he had been leading the Tenth Corps of the Fifth Army in Italy. Recently he visited a Greek Brigade H.Q. on the coast north of Rimini, where this picture was taken

ON THE EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONT: THE OCTOBER FLOODS IN THE CESENA AREA. ***On left*—Transport struggling through the surging waters which overran a diversion.** ***On right*—Engineers fixing tapes in the water to mark the safest passage.** During the night of October 23-24 the Germans withdrew their forces opposite the Eighth Army bridgehead in the Cesena area. In their rear, they left numerous mines and demolitions. In addition, torrential rain fell throughout the area during the night of October 25-26, and continued throughout the following day, causing diversions to be washed completely away and generally delaying supply transport and causing discomfort to the troops

AFTER THE HEAVY RAINS HAD CEASED ON THE FIFTH ARMY FRONT: Although the weather on the Eighth Army's front (or eastern sector) has been amongst the worst encountered by the British Army in any battle area except that of Burma, the Fifth Army's front (or western sector) has run it a close second. This picture was taken after several days of pouring rain: it shows members of a carrier platoon taking advantage of a break in the weather to wash and dry their mud-soaked clothing. A nearby self-propelled gun unit, after a night of hectic action against the Germans, also took advantage of the break



MULES AS TRANSPORT UP IN THE HILLS: This British patrol is accompanied by a mule train operated by Italian soldiers. They are crossing a portion of the road, demolished by the Germans and repaired, on the way to Portico, two miles beyond the town of San Benedetto



HOW BRITISH SAPPERS SPANNED A 530-FT. GAP: This Bailey bridge is located near Valsalva, on the Fifth Army's front; it is 530 ft. long and between 70 and 80 ft. high. A masterly piece of construction work, it was erected by a field company of Royal Engineers

IT PAYS to SUCCOUR LIBERATED POPULATIONS

The Long-Promised Shipments of Food, Clothing and Medical Supplies Will do Much to Combat Discontent and Enemy Propaganda in Liberated Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WINTER, cold, wet and dark, is now down upon the countries recently liberated in the west, and it is time to ask ourselves two questions. Have we done all we could to bring succour to the civilian populations concerned? If not, is the plea of 100 per cent. priority to the military arm too rigid a conception and one liable to have undesired repercussions in social and political fields over which the war is being fought?

We have a spot of this same question here at home: whether those in uniform of one kind or another are not being given more of everything than they strictly require, just because they are in uniform, at the expense of civilians needing additional sustenance this sixth war winter, over the highly restricted allotments and facilities they 've been vouchsafed in the past. Yet this domestic ill-balance, if such it be, will not beget a frame of mind or condition of affairs injurious to the nation—beyond, that is, a further dissemination of tiredness that might have been avoided.

But when one travels abroad in the mind's eye, it becomes clear that application of a like rigidity, military versus civilian, is fraught with definite risks, if persisted in. These French, Dutch and Belgians whom we hope to weave into a co-defensive plan for the future, have not as yet abated a jot of their gratitude. You see it on every fresh newsreel, the faces more telling than reams of leading articles. The totally unexpected swiftness of their liberation (despite Holland's grim but temporary extra suffering) made an indelible impression. But it is only natural that the first gay abandon should have worn off, and that, after nearly three months, these peoples are beginning to look around and to ask questions.

Where is all the food and all the clothing, where are all the basic necessities and medical supplies that our propaganda had drummed in for long months would be forthcoming hard upon liberation, thanks to massive arrangements made by Unrra and Civil Affairs? This promise of succour once the Germans had been driven out was partly what kept these peoples up to resistance pitch. Probably many in this country also expected to hear of shipments being routed through France and Belgium in wake of our advancing forces. (I do not refer to those in our midst who are under the delusion that everything they don't get goes automatically to the foreigner.)

Well, no such thing has happened. Only a few thousand tons of sorely needed supplies have thus far been delivered, and these by the armies in the field, chiefly to mining and factory districts which are expected to give immediate yield to the Allied war machine.

I have not room to tabulate the very serious shortages that have been signalled back to London. But I must give one example of what has come to pass, because it is so typical of the whole thing. It seems that Breton fishing-smacks may be used to bring a million warm garments from England to war-stricken Normandy and Brittany before the coldest part of the winter sets in, and that other smacks, similarly laden, may shortly be directed across to shivering Holland. Recourse is being had to smacks as a last resort "in order not to take shipping space needed for supplying the Allied armies in the field."

Is it conceivable that from all the huge Allied mercantile fleet not one ship can be spared to do this job and rekindle warmth not only in the bodies, but in the minds and hearts of these neighbours of ours? The answer, I suspect, must be: rigidity of outlook, lack of insight.

Incidentally, the garments in question were collected by the Red Cross and voluntary societies here and in the United States, though one could well point to the redundant uniforming of various kinds that goes on, when just across the Channel fighting men in rags would leap at sight of any old Home Guard or rejected hospital-blue contraption. These Allied fighters containing large numbers of Germans along the Biscay coast, have asked in vain for just such redundant clothing, though, perhaps, not for the hospital-blue, whose *raison d'être* needs further clarification these down-to-the-knuckle times. Of old, casualties used to explain that the blue was so that they could be spotted in pubs.

I have been trying to trace down the causes of the disappointment we are creating—a disappointment which Fifth Columnists and Nazis have been quick to pounce upon, pointing out that things were far better under the German occupations—and it may not be over-simplification to name essentially four reasons why affairs have not developed as was hoped.

The liberated populations will, doubtless, not forget, in the first place, that the dazzling celerity of the Allies' advance across their countries called for total concentration on the military aspect in pursuit of what at one time appeared likely to be a knock-out blow. Nothing else mattered save chasing the Germans before they could get a second wind and dig in. Every wheel, every cubic inch, was mobilised to that end.

Next, came the destruction, blocking, or continued occupation of all the ports through which civilian supplies might have been despatched in wake of priority military requirements. "Mulberry," a stop-gap Cherbourg, was made to serve over a vital period. Even had the liberated lands managed to secure supplies overseas, and the necessary shipping, these stop-gap ports were monopolised by the military authorities. But germane to my subject is this question: why was no effort made to free Bordeaux for use? Why was exclusivity given to assailing for eight crucial weeks an already seriously damaged yet strongly fortified Brest, which had finally to be pulverised, when Bordeaux stood whole and in Allied hands, a replica of Antwerp, only asking to be used? Consider:

Early in September the Germans had been driven by the F.F.I. up to the Pointe-de-Grave and Royan, on either tip of the mouth of the Garonne estuary, and there they have been ever since: in two clusters in relatively easy country to attack. The Pointe is more or less flat, with dunes, and Royan is a resort set amid pine-trees on minor cliffs. Left practically alone, the Germans have prevented Bordeaux being used. Was strongly-held, semi-ruined Brest really necessary, when Bordeaux, main American base in the last war, was available? True, there were the U-boat pens at Brest. But these were found in bad shape and could have been put in worse; and, in any case, the U-boats can use the remaining Nazi-held ports, even the Gironde estuary. As for distances to the front from Brest and Bordeaux, there 's not much in it, while the southerly communications across from Bordeaux were in less abject shape than those in the north, across from Brest.

The purely military aspect aside, the French might to-day be bringing in supplies through Bordeaux, a circumstance which would have had steadying effect in the south, where it is needed. Our Allies might even have contrived to bring pit-props from the Landes, just south of Bordeaux, up to the mines in the north. I say "might," because these props, most talked-of commodity in all France, used to go by sea to Havre or Dunkirk.

Whatever use could or could not have been made by land or sea, this autumn, of an open Bordeaux, we here take off for the next cause of disappointment. We did not sufficiently foresee that transport inside the affected countries would be the crux of the immediate relief situation, or that these countries might considerably have succoured themselves had they not been so deprived of transport or had we taken measures in advance to substitute for it. Nothing has been more unanimously agreed upon than that lack of transport has brought lack of food, heat, light, water, work, repairs, and of the entire complicated set-up by which our society is held together. Even the Black Market derives from absence of communications, as is shown by the price of foodstuffs inside and outside the towns.

The final fact seems to be that we held out too immediate hopes, and that Unrra and Civil Affairs were not, and are not, so constituted as to provide the relief expected. Unrra is hedged in by "buts" and "ifs," the effect of which is that its vast supplies are not available for urgent cases like those facing us in the west. Unrra reminds me at present of what happened to Hoover's vast stores at Antwerp and Rotterdam, after the last war. They were so hedged in that six months after the Armistice the American head of Civil Affairs, General Smith, had to do an unsanctioned deal with the American Forces back in France, in order to get anything at all, to relieve distress on the Rhine.

Civil Affairs, while expected to carry along a selection of medical supplies, vitamins, etc., has for its primary task that of "sweeping and dusting and generally tidying up in the wake of the advance" (the words are those of a high C.A. officer). The accent is strongly on getting the civil show going in order to facilitate the military one, while bringing limited succour where most urgently needed.

There is, finally, a third party in this unfinished business. Upon the Allied High Command devolves the duty of succouring all civilians inside a combat zone.

It is time that some people went into a huddle on Everestian level. Clearly, too much is at present being left to improvisation, with too little thought of the importance of the civilian side.

THE HUGE PORT OF ANTWERP, ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD—the glittering prize which the Allies have now gained as the result of the capture of Walcheren and the clearing of the Scheldt. For long the undisputed possession of this great port has been known to be essential for the "build-up" of the Allied armies in Holland: by the operations on Walcheren and in the Scheldt estuary it has now been freed, and its great wharves and quays—undamaged when the Germans were forced out—can be put to immediate use for Army, as well as civilian, needs. Antwerp is not only the biggest port in Belgium—it is also the country's second city. This aerial view shows part of the town, with the Scheldt waterways in the distance

PART OF THE GREAT DOCK AREA AT ANTWERP, with its maze of waterways along which are innumerable quays and warehouses

The "FORGOTTEN ARMY" in BURMA

The Latest Pictures from the Jungle Country

SUPPLIES FOR THE BURMA FRONT NOW TRAVEL THROUGH THE ARAKAN TUNNEL : A mule-train is here emerging from one of the famous Maungdaw-Buthidaung tunnels in the Arakan. The shell-torn entrance recalls the bitter fighting early in 1944 at this spot when British and Indian troops blasted Japanese forces from their strongholds and regained control of the important Highway

PROMOTION IN THE FIELD : Private S. G. Fleming, of Chiswick, London, a gunner in the R.A.F. Regiment, was recently promoted to Sergeant for his good work in trekking through the jungle to establish a radio link with our fighter-bomber and transport aircraft. He is here receiving his "tapes" from the Command Defence Officer

PAYING OFF THE NATIVE HELPERS : A Regimental Sergeant-Major (on left), a corporal and a sergeant, pay off the Burmese coolies. Each receives one rupee (a rupee is one shilling and fourpence), a handful of salt, some biscuits, bully beef and tea

There are 250,000 white men fighting the Japs in Burma: it has become a convention to refer to them as the "Forgotten Army." But, of course, they are not forgotten, nor likely to be! Most people in this country appreciate the appalling difficulties of terrain and climate, and know full well what the men of the Fourteenth Army have achieved against a cruel and deceitful foe. In Burma there are 30 inches of rain each month for six months of the year: there are "lice and leeches that get into the skin so that they have to be burned out": there are mud, mist and deluge. A good deal of the fighting is carried out in dense jungle by small patrols. Men go out for ten or fifteen days at a time, and often they do not get back at all. Owing to the great distance between Britain and Burma, it is not always possible to receive photographic material quickly: but, as in the past, when good pictures do arrive, THE SPHERE will always give publicity to them as part of our tribute to a gallant army of fighting men

THE "CHOCOLATE STAIRCASE" IN BURMA : This famous spot on the Tiddim Road is now entirely clear of the enemy. The "Staircase" consists of forty hairpins which take the Tiddim Road up 3,000 ft. in four miles, before it drops down into the town of Tiddim itself

FIGHTING IN THE DENSE JUNGLE : A British patrol attacks a native basha (or bamboo hut) in a banana grove. Such country offers great opportunities for Jap ambushes

CORPORAL BURNS (from Stockport), at the head of a forward column, probes through a Burmese swamp

FLYING OPERATIONS AT SEA

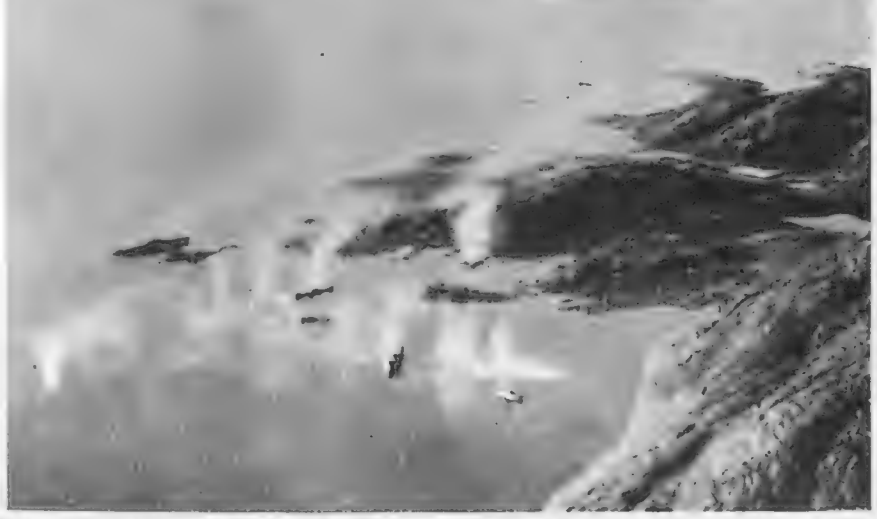
New Pictures of Aircraft-Carriers

—And Drawings of the Attack on the Tirpitz and of the Essen Raid

A NEW PICTURE OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S BIG AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, THE "INDOMITABLE"—as seen from the air during the course of flying operations at sea. This big vessel has a displacement of 23,000 tons. She is one of a class of three begun during the years 1937 to 1939. Her length is 760 ft. and her beam 95 ft. She carries a complement of 1,600, and has a speed of 32 knots. *Indomitable* is armed with sixteen 4·5-in. dual-purpose guns; but the number of aircraft carried on board and details of her armour have not yet been made public. It must be made clear that this big vessel was specifically designed and built as a carrier, unlike the escort carriers, many of which are converted merchantmen, with—naturally—smaller flight-decks and a smaller number of aircraft on board. *Indomitable* has been "adopted" by the city of Belfast

HOW THE BIG BOMBERS WERE GUIDED THROUGH A SNOWSTORM TO ESSEN: The "Pathfinders" set sky-markers for the 1,000 "heavies" which took part in the raid on the great armament and railway centre on October 23—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When Bomber Command sent more than 1,000 bombers to pound Essen on the night of October 23, the skies began to cloud over as the big force approached the Continent, and soon the aircraft were flying through severe snowstorms, which lasted until they were within 50 miles from the target. Then there was a slight break in the weather; but a few minutes later the sky had darkened again: over Essen itself the clouds were so thick that the Pathfinder force had constantly to mark the area out with sky-markers. These were clearly seen by the crews of the main striking force, and soon after the first bombs had gone down the sky began to glow with the reflection of the many fires started below. At the beginning of the attack there was a heavy barrage, which at times was so intense that many pilots had to take violent evasive action; and towards the end the defences were strengthened by strong forces of German fighters



BRITISH FIREFLIES SMASH GERMAN SHIPPING OFF NORWAY: Looking down on Lodingen Harbour as a tanker receives a direct hit, four supply ships are set on fire, and an auxiliary vessel (in background near the coast) is also left blazing

This picture was taken from one of the attacking planes during recent operations against enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast near Bodo by carrier-borne Firefly aircraft, latest addition to the Royal Navy's air-fighting strength. A total of six enemy ships (comprising two supply ships, a medium-sized tanker, an aircraft-tender and two naval auxiliary vessels) were sunk, and, in addition, a large U-boat was attacked and driven ashore in a damaged condition. A further nineteen enemy vessels were damaged, and two armed ships were also driven ashore

WITH THE ESCORT CARRIER "VINDEX": A Sea-Hurricane about to take-off on a patrol out in the North Atlantic. *Vindex* is one of the two escort carriers mentioned in a recent Admiralty message as being responsible for the killing of three German U-boats during the passage of a vital convoy from Britain to Russia and back. This picture was taken during flying operations out in the Atlantic. The Hurricane is at the ship's stern. On the port side is the platform occupied by the Deck Landing Control Officer. From this position the "batsman" signals instructions to the aircraft. The platform is surrounded by safety nets into which the "batsman" can jump if the aircraft makes any erratic move

***On right*—THE BOMBING OF THE "TIRPITZ" AT TROMSO. The huge German battleship uses her 15-in. guns in her anger at the attack**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

After the 41,000-ton battleship had escaped from the Altenfiord, she was located at Tromso by the R.A.F. Whereupon she received a heavy battering from Lancaster bombers, during the course of which she received at least one direct hit by a 12,000-lb. "earthquake" bomb. Both the battleship and the flakship guarding her put up a terrific defence, the *Tirpitz* in desperation even using her big 15-in. guns, of which she has eight. Pilots report seeing tremendous sheets of flame coming from the ship. The guns must have been firing at their extreme elevation

THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION

And the Capture of the Whole Island from the Germans

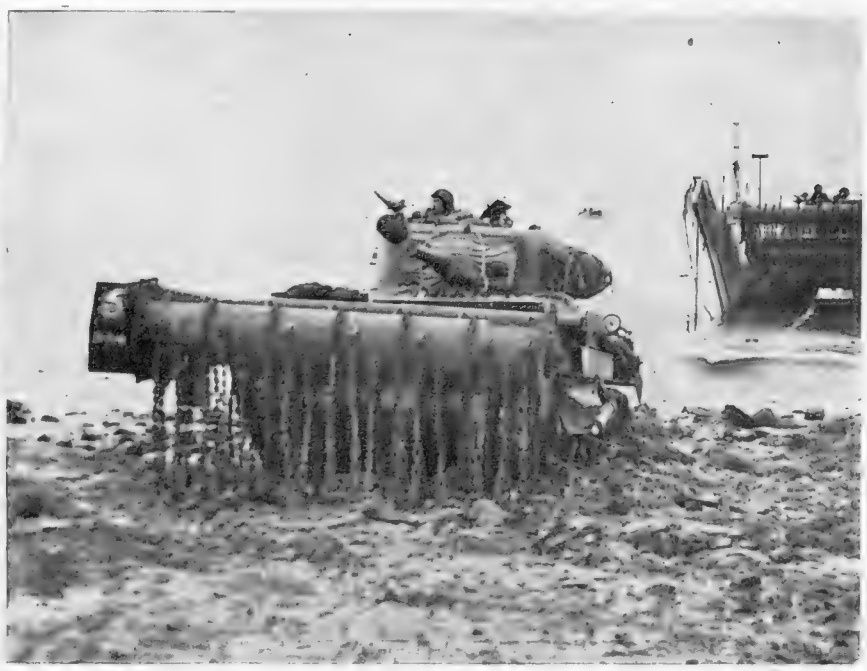
The invasion of the island of Walcheren was launched from two points—Flushing and Westkapelle. Both landings were made on November 1 as part of the final phase of the battle to free the approaches to the port of Antwerp, on the Scheldt. The Westkapelle landing—costly as it was in landing craft—was a success from the start, and by dusk of the same day the town had been captured and the beachhead established. At Flushing the British troops were soon engaged in some of the most savage fighting of the present campaign. Flushing itself was largely a jumble of wreckage: slashing and fighting their way through the flooded streets, our troops soon had the port cleared of all enemy resistance. Then began the last phase of the Walcheren operations, with both the Flushing and Westkapelle forces converging on Middelburg, in the centre of the island. By the beginning of last week, British troops had entered Middelburg—by boat! Shortly after came the announcement that the whole of the island had been cleared. The pictures given here illustrate phases of this "campaign within a campaign," and show how the amphibious landings were carried out, principally at Flushing

(*See also following pages*)

SUPPLIES FERRIED ACROSS BY LANDING CRAFT BEING UNLOADED ON THE BEACH OF WALCHEREN DURING THE ASSAULT ON FLUSHING. The spot at which the first craft landed was a little beach about 120 yards wide near the port. There were a few underwater obstacles, but the entrance to the beach was not mined. The Commandos clambered up the wooden breakwaters towards the quay with no opposition at first, but then machine-guns and rifles opened up. After the first arrivals, more landing craft brought in supplies and took back the first German prisoners

TROOPS ADVANCING ALONG THE WATERFRONT NEAR FLUSHING, WITH SHELLS BURSTING AHEAD OF THEM. Whilst some hundreds of guns on the south shore of the Scheldt were pumping shells into the Germans around Flushing, and thus forcing them to keep their heads down, the Commandos had landed, cut the wire and formed up on their first objectives—all within seven minutes. Half an hour later came the first instalment of British infantry, whose job it was to seize vital points and mop up the German resistance to the south of Flushing

THE COMMANDO RADIO MAN AT BRESKENS: This hooded wireless operator—looking like a monk at prayer—remained on the beach on the south side of the Scheldt Estuary to maintain contact with the troops at the beachhead at Flushing. It was from Breskens that the Flushing expedition started

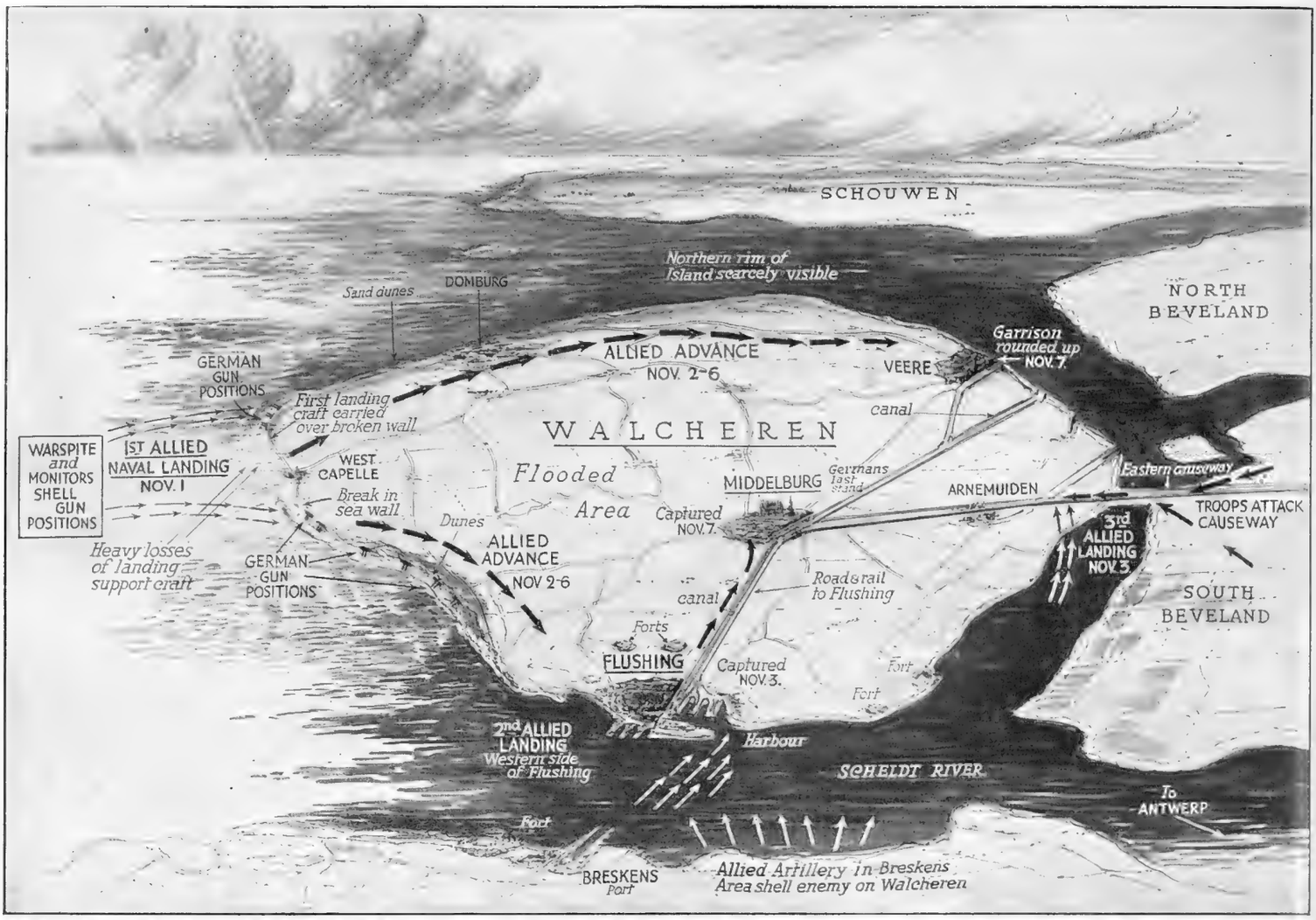


A FLAIL TANK COMES ASHORE FROM A TANK LANDING CRAFT: Reinforcements for the Flushing assault were ferried across the Scheldt from Breskens, three miles away. Amongst the vehicles brought over were big flail tanks for clearing enemy mines. During the following days of German retreat to the centre of the island, these tanks were well in the forefront of the attack

BRITISH COMMANDOS MANHANDLING THEIR GUN to a landing craft at Breskens before heading for the Flushing beachhead. Their task was to smash the coastal batteries operated by the Germans on Walcheren Island

THE SCENE ON WALCHEREN AFTER OUR LANDING HAD BEEN EFFECTED. Most of the men seen in this picture are Germans: with a few British soldiers in charge, they are being shepherded along the beach towards the landing craft which are to convey them as prisoners to Breskens. The latter port, on the south side of the Scheldt Estuary, had been captured by the Canadians some time before the Walcheren expedition set sail

THE TROOPS FROM BEVELAND JOIN UP WITH THE INVADERS OF WALCHEREN. Beveland lies to the east of Walcheren Island: it was occupied and cleared by the Canadian Army. Then the conquerors of Beveland set out to join in the Walcheren operations: Scottish troops attached to the Canadians are here seen crossing the narrow water between the two islands to extend the bridgehead established on the eastern part of Walcheren Island. Shell-bursts are seen as our artillery put down a barrage to aid the attacking infantry as they go forward to take the German positions



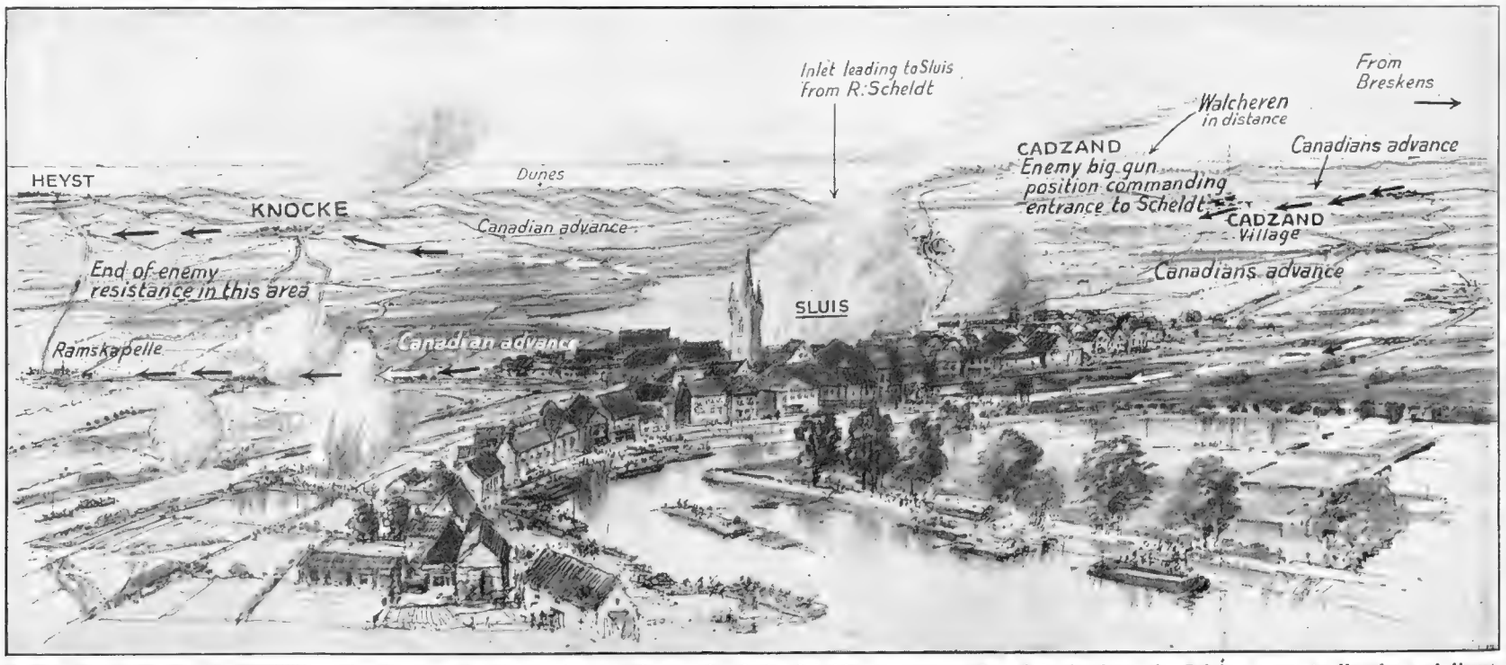
The TAKING of WALCHEREN and the CLEARING of the SCHELDT "POCKET"

The Operations Whereby the Port of Antwerp was Freed

—Special Sphere Diagram-drawings

THE TRIPLE ASSAULT ON WALCHEREN : WHERE THE ALLIED LANDINGS TOOK PLACE ON THE ISLAND, and how the German garrisons were surrounded and finally surrendered—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The assault upon Walcheren began on October 31, when the Canadian and British troops, having taken South Beveland, started across the causeway leading to Walcheren. This causeway was of solid construction, about a mile long and 50 yards wide, with sea-water on both sides. There was no other land approach. Just as the bridgehead over the causeway had been achieved on November 1, Walcheren was attacked from the west and south. A naval force of 200 vessels appeared off Westcapelle, supported by the *Warspite*, and the two monitors *Erebus* and *Roberts*. The landing troops belonged to the Royal Marine Commandos, who soon gained the important dyke on which the main guns were situated. The *Warspite* protected the landing by pumping shells from its 15-in. guns, while the *Erebus* and *Roberts* poured out shells and mortars. At 6.30 on the same misty morning fleets of boats were crossing the estuary from Breskens, the small port opposite. They were supported by the guns on the Breskens shore, where several hundred big guns had been gathered from 25-pounders to 10-in. guns, firing all day long, keeping up an incessant roar. The German forts could not stand such concentrated firing, and some white flags went up. By the end of the day a great part of Flushing was held and the next day, November 2, the German Military Governor, Lieut.-Colonel Reinhardt, surrendered. Domburg, in the north-west, was taken on November 3, and Zoutelands reached. A new landing near the causeway brought assistance to the much-tried Canadian bridgehead, with which it linked up. By the end of four days of intense fighting the enemy were holding out only in three towns which still stood above water—Middelburg, the beautiful old town with its fine Gothic Stadhuis, enriched with statuary; Nieuwland, on the south-east, and Veere, at the end of the Flushing Canal, once a flourishing seaport having considerable trade with Scotland, but declining during the past century to a sleepy old town, charming in its quiet repose. Soon, these too were captured



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF BRESKENS : The Germans in the pocket to the south of the Scheldt estuary are forced back along the Belgian coast to Knocke and Heyst, where their resistance finally came to an end. This diagram-drawing shows the stages in their retreat and the route followed by the pursuing Canadians (See notes at right)—*Drawing by Percy Home*

IN THE HEART OF MIDDELBURG, principal town on the island of Walcheren, where many of the streets were flooded as a result of the bombing of the island's sea walls by the R.A.F. This picture was taken secretly by a Dutchman before the capture of the town by the British

HOW THE NAZIS LEFT GOES, ON SOUTH BEVELAND. The car of the German Commandant is pushed out of the town before the entry of the Canadians, who came in from the east

GERMAN PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT OUT OF THE SCHELDT POCKET. They are here passing along a causeway through the flooded country south of the estuary after capture by the Canadians. Those of the enemy who were not caught thus escaped to Knocke and Heyst, where they were finally rounded up and where the "pocket" was eventually eliminated

On left—The enemy held out with great persistence in the area of Zealand Flanders, which first came into the news during the struggle for the Leopold Canal. When this obstacle had been overcome, there entered the phase of the boat-landings on the southern shore of the River Scheldt and the fighting round Breskens and its adjacent port. Gradually the Germans were forced westwards through a number of villages, oases of dry land among flooded meadows. Zuid-Zande was occupied just south of the village of Cadzand, a place of great importance owing to its proximity to the German gun-site near the coast. References to the Cadzand guns became frequent in the news. Lying at a point some eight miles to the west of the Flushing batteries, these huge guns, with their 360-degrees traverse, could menace any attempt to bring shipping into the Antwerp waterway. At length, the Cadzand gun positions were silenced—from the rear—and this menace was removed. About the same time the old Dutch town of Sluis was surrounded by columns of troops and the way was clear to the towns of Knocke and Heyst. In this area, protected by a line of big sand dunes, the enemy gave up the struggle and the whole of Holland south of the Scheldt was freed and the entry into the great port of Antwerp secured along the south side of the estuary

THE AID OF THE R.A.F. DURING THE OPERATIONS ON WALCHEREN: German gun-sites on the flooded island being bombed by "heavies," which were reported to have "sunk" most of it!—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After the British landings on Walcheren strong forces of Halifaxes and Lancasters of Bomber Command (escorted by fighters) made eleven attacks on gun emplacements and defended positions on the island. Spitfires made hedge-hopping attacks on flak posts to protect the bombers. Pilots later reported that Bomber Command had "sunk most of the island," and that only Flushing and Middelburg remained above the water. The fighters all returned safely and encountered no *Luftwaffe* opposition. Many of the bombs fell on vital points, two particularly violent explosions occurring when 1,000-pounders pierced covered ammunition dumps beside some of the guns and sent debris flying to a height of 4000 ft.

THE CAPTURE OF SOUTH BEVELAND

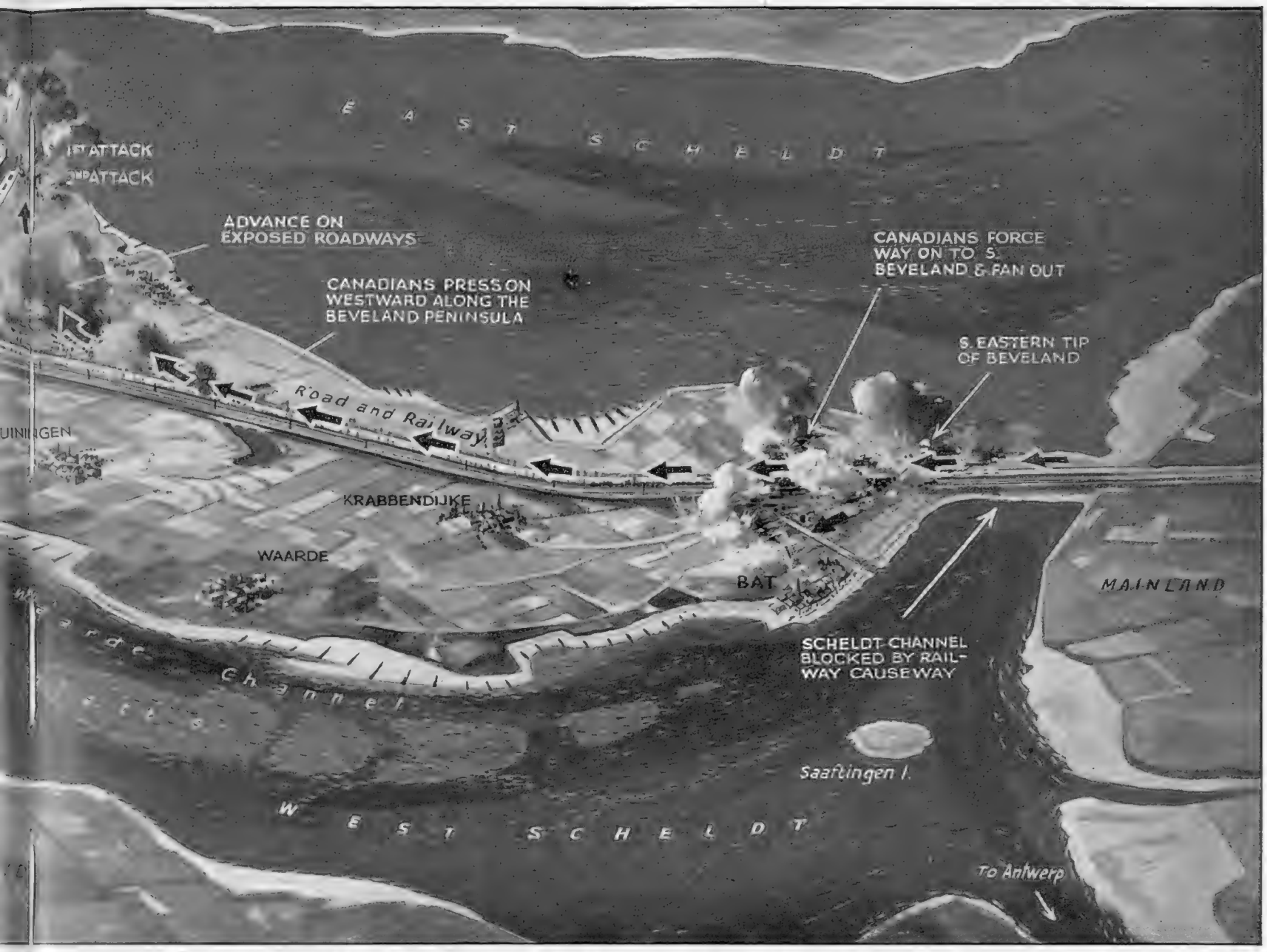
The Long Island in the Scheldt Estuary is Cleared of the Enemy

—Special Sphere Drawings

The clearing of the Germans from the island of South Beveland proved as tough a job as any in the war. Early in October, the Canadians, advancing from Antwerp, made an attempt to reach it and hold the isthmus, and thus cut off the garrison. The enemy, however, in the area of Bergen-op-Zoom, were too strong. By October 26, the Canadians succeeded in again crossing the causeway (a filled-up arm of the Scheldt) and reaching the village of Rilland, at the end of the narrow isthmus. They secured a small bridgehead and fought off German counter-attacks. On the same day, a landing of British troops (under Canadian command) was made on the south-eastern tip of the island. The inevitable counter-attack was beaten off and a bridgehead established. By the time reinforcements arrived, the Canadians from the isthmus had reached the canal at the western end of the causeway and were only 6 miles away.

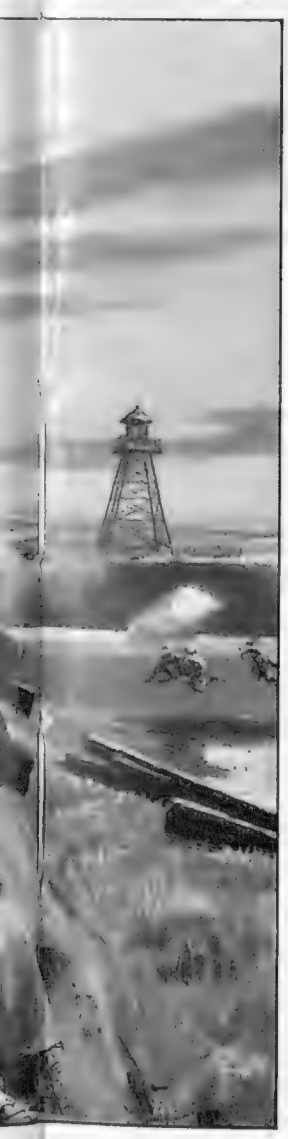
Two days after the landing, the bridgehead had been enlarged and the joining-up of the two forces brought closer. The Canadians had reached the wide Hansweert-Wemeldinge Canal, which cuts right across the island, to which the enemy had withdrawn. The only useful bridge had been blown up, and here the Germans again stood firmly. Some Canadians finally got over, using the closed sluice-gates, and supplies were carried over by rafts. Resistance slackened and the troops pushed on to Goes, the only town of any size on the island. By this time, the southern landing force had been moving westward, taking the villages of Oudelande, Baarland and Holdekenskerke, till they joined up with the Canadians.

On October 30, the causeway (carrying a road or railway) linking South Beveland to the larger island of Walcheren was reached. The causeway was found to be apparently undamaged, Such of the enemy who were not killed or captured escaped in small boats to North Beveland, leaving all their equipment behind.



HOW THE CANADIANS CAPTURED THE ISLAND OF SOUTH BEVELAND : A DIAGRAM-DRAWING SHOWING WHERE THE HARD FIGHTING TOOK PLACE AT THE EASTERN CAUSEWAY AND AT THE HEAD OF THE BIG NORTH-SOUTH CANAL, AND WHERE THE BRITISH BOAT-LANDINGS ACROSS THE SCHELDT WERE MADE. With the capture of Kapelle and Goes, the Germans were forced towards the west : then came the further landings on the Island of Walcheren, lying away to the westwards. South Beveland is a longish island formed by the east and west Scheldt Rivers : it is connected to the Dutch mainland by the causeway carrying the railway line, where the heaviest fighting of all took place—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE NAVAL ATTACK ON WESTKAPELLE, ON THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN : The first assault craft sweep in on the crest of large waves over the ruined sea-wall into the calm waters of the flooded polder—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* When the Royal Marine Commandos reached the westernmost point of the island, a heavy sea was running at Westkapelle, where a gap had been torn in the sea-wall by our Lancasters some time previously in order to flood out the Germans. The assault craft rode on top of the high waves and swept right through the breach into the calmer waters beyond. But not everywhere were our forces allowed such a comparatively easy entry to the island : what with the floods and the strong enemy resistance—to say nothing of the craters caused by our own bombing from the air—at some points the British and Canadians found the going very difficult indeed



On left—**DURING THE OPERATIONS ON SOUTH BEVELAND : The Canadians attack the northern end of the big canal which bisects the island, and cross by way of the sluice-gates**—*Drawing by Edward Osmond.* When the Canadians reached the main north-south canal, they ran into German resistance and fought most of one whole day. At the north end of the canal (see also big diagram above) they seized a concrete island, built to hold part of the lock mechanism, but were forced to fall back again. Then, farther south, another company succeeded in crossing by way of the closed sluice-gates. More infantry followed, but the only big bridge across the canal had been blown up, and supporting weapons had to be rafted over. Once the Canadians were over the canal in strength, they were able to move on to Kapelle and thence towards Goes

HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS FOUND THE CITY OF HERTOGENBOSCH (OR BOIS-LE-DUC) BEFORE ALL THE CITIZENS HAD COME UP FROM THEIR CELLARS OR RETURNED FROM THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRYSIDE. The Cathedral of St. John, the finest Gothic building in all Holland, was found to be undamaged except for a small amount of broken glass—
Drawing by W. G. Whitaker (See note at right)

BEFORE HERTOGENBOSCH AND THE VILLAGES AROUND WERE FINALLY CLEARED OF THE ENEMY: British flame-throwing tanks burning out the Germans, who were using "bazooka," from their many strong-points—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Flame-throwers were used in the British attack on Hertogenbosch, and searchlights provided "artificial moonlight" in the earlier night-fighting. (This latter was described in last week's issue of *The Sphere*.) As the bulk of the opposition in the villages east of Hertogenbosch came from Germans inside houses firing "bazookas," the flame-throwers simply trundled down the streets shooting flame into one house after another. By this means the strong-points which the enemy had intended should hold up our advance towards the Maas were swiftly subdued

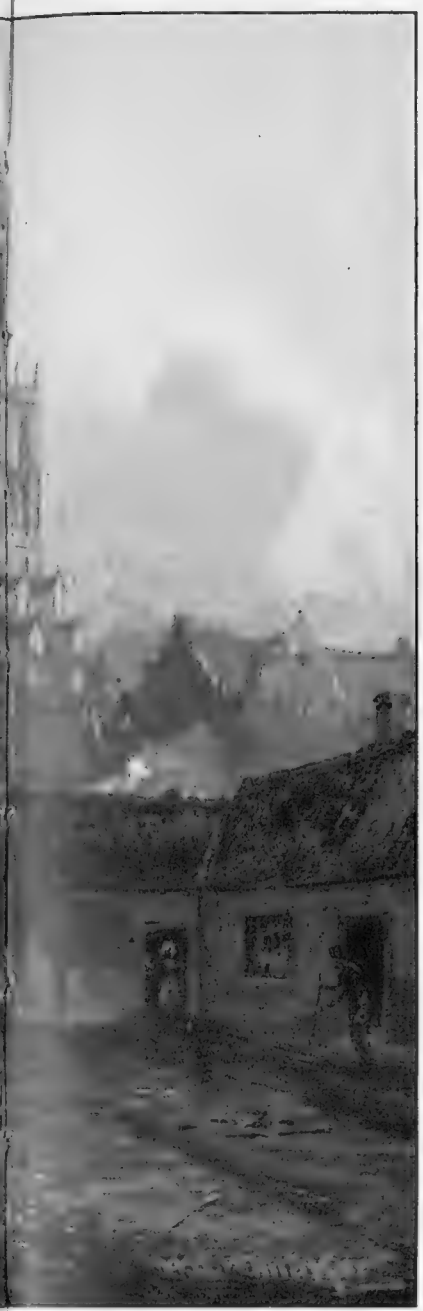
HERTOGENBOSCH AND BREDA

Battle Scenes from the Areas of Greatest Fighting Activity in Holland

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

***On right*—THE GERMAN RETREAT ACROSS THE RIVER MARK AFTER THE FALL OF BREDA and over the great bridge at Moerdyke—**
Drawing by E. G. Lambert

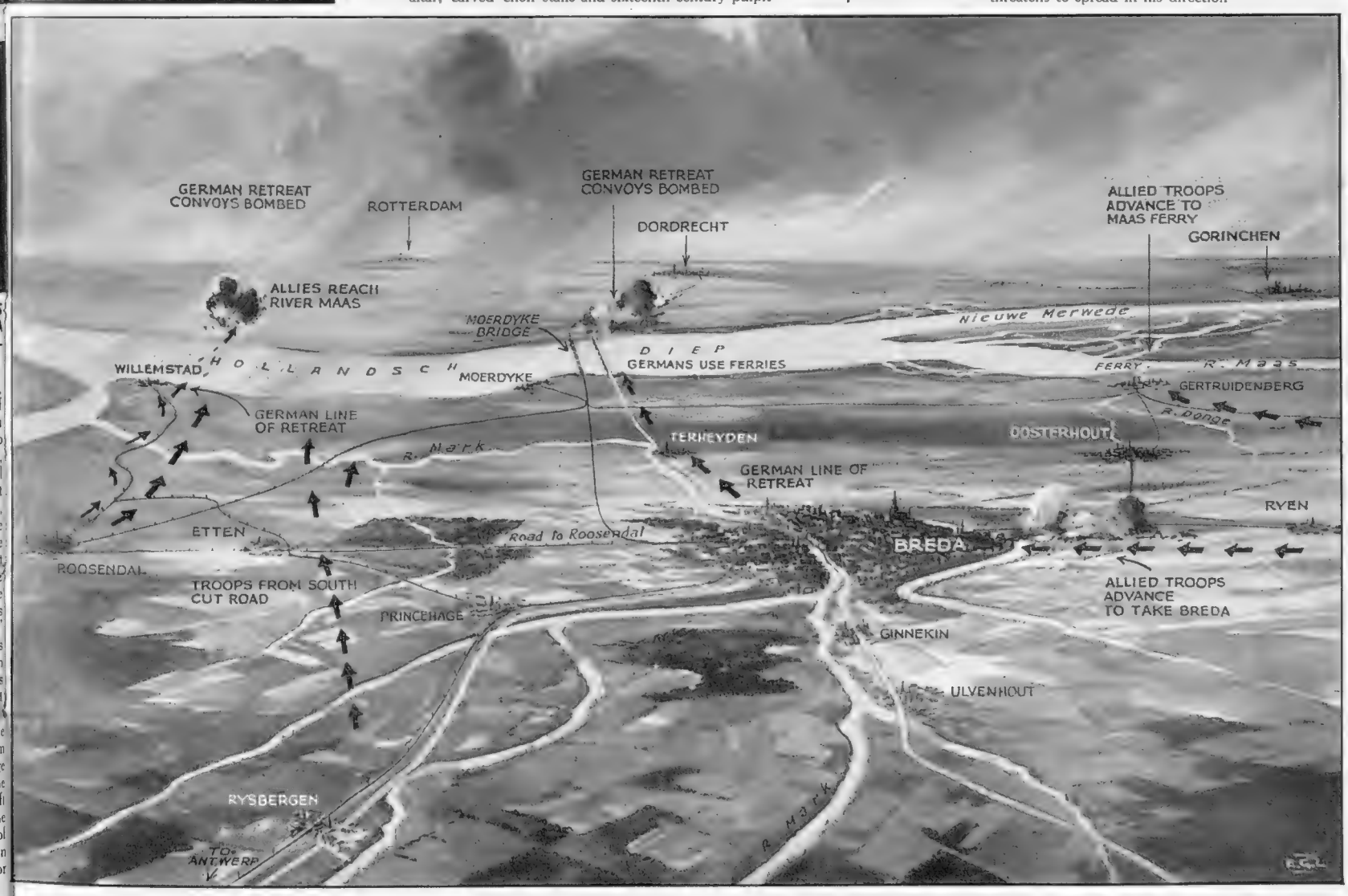
When the Allied forces converged on Breda, mainly from the east, they entered a territory of very great historic interest. The existing town contains a very fine Gothic church. The tomb of Engelbrech II (A.D. 1451-1504) is renowned, and the remains of the ancient fortress still dominates the northern part of the town. It carries the memory back to the time when Spain, as the overlord of the Netherlands, fought the Dutch year after year during their long struggle for freedom. The end of one period of conflict is recorded in the great painting by Velazquez known sometimes as the "Spears," owing to the mass of spears which appear in the picture. Its more obvious title is "The Treaty of Breda." The Dutch Commander Justin, of Nassau, is surrendering his Dutch sword to the Spanish General Spindla—the year was 1625—who is evidently treating his conquered foe with great courtesy. After the capture of the city towards the end of last month, Allied troops pressed the German troops back and back, towards the arm of the sea crossed by the great Moerdyke bridge of fourteen spans. Massed convoys of the enemy were caught by Allied bomber aircraft as they streamed away northwards. It was the German Fifteenth Army in flight. A column of troops cut the road from Breda to Roosendal, in the neighbourhood of Etten, paving the way for the crossing of the River Mark



IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE: The Dutch farmers carry on whilst fighting takes place only a few hundred yards away—a phenomenon previously remarked by observers in France and in Belgium—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

On left—It was gratifying to learn that the beautiful cathedral of St. John in S. Hertogenbosch had escaped structural injury. Correspondents who examined the building could only perceive a small amount of glass displaced in some of the windows—and that a very small quantity indeed. THE SPHERE'S artist shows the building as seen from the Cathedral Square, looking in the direction of Hintharner Straat. The square tower and steeple rise on the right, while the apsidal end, with its balustrading and delicate flying buttresses, appears on the left. It can readily be believed from this exterior view that the capital city of Brabant was proud of its cathedral, which was held to surpass all others in Holland in the richness of its decoration. The main detail is what would be termed decorated Gothic. Fairy-like crocketed pinnacles everywhere seem to pierce towards the sky. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of the transepts. The aisles show an exceptional amount of decorative detail. The interior is renowned for its white marble altar, carved choir-stalls and sixteenth-century pulpit

When the Allied forces first entered Holland, the correspondents recorded the fact that the reception of the Allied troops was noticeably different from that experienced in France and Belgium. The first apparent coldness of the inhabitants was soon recognised to be nothing more than the habitual phlegm of the Dutch. Friendly relations came as the farmers and burghers assimilated the changed conditions. It was found that the Dutch were "stickers"; they would carry on in their home districts in the face of the most trying conditions. On Beveland and Walcheren, especially, they have seen their means of livelihood drowned beneath invading waters, but they have refused to budge. In certain areas, the fighting has been canalised on to the only usable roads; whilst close at hand there has been a strip of territory untouched by shell-fire. It has been possible to step into a local tramcar along with the local inhabitants, while a noisy gun duel was banging away to right or left. THE SPHERE artist shows here a South Holland mill, with the miller endeavouring to do a little work, while gun-fire a mile or so away threatens to spread in his direction



BATTLE SCENES from HOLLAND

Taken During the Second Army's Struggle for Hertogenbosch —*E.N.S.A.'s First Show in Germany*

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF A DUTCH CITY: BRITISH HEAVY MORTARS IN ACTION AMONGST THE HOUSES OF HERTOGENBOSCH BEFORE THE GERMAN RESISTANCE PETERED OUT. Following the drive by General Dempsey's men, the greater part of Hertogenbosch was in British hands by October 27, but at one or two places parties of Germans were then still fighting fiercely to hold what was left to them. Fierce fighting, involving infantry and armour, took place in the outskirts of the town and in the streets themselves, where many of the houses suffered severely as a result of the shelling and mortaring

HOW THE MEN OF THE 53RD WELSH DIVISION ENTERED THE OUTSKIRTS OF HERTOGENBOSCH. The streets of this town (otherwise known as Bois-le-Duc) were deserted when our troops entered: many of the houses were shuttered and barricaded. The infantry kept close to the walls as they passed through for fear of enemy snipers, whilst armour, guns and lorries accompanied them on the other side of the road. After the capture of the town, a crossing over the canal on the western edge of Hertogenbosch was made by the infantry under cover of Crocodile flame-throwing tanks

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF HERTOGENBOSCH, BRITISH INFANTRY LAUNCH THE ATTACK TO CLEAR THE MAAS RIVER LINE: During the operation a Bofors gun fires in support of the infantry from a roadway running through the flooded countryside

Having cleared the Dutch town of all German elements, the British continued small-scale actions northwards in an effort to force the enemy from the positions held by them between the town and the river Maas. British infantrymen made an attack on a small factory beside the Dieze Canal and just outside Hertogenbosch. The Germans held on to their positions fiercely in spite of the fire of several mobile Bofors guns which were brought up to give close support to the British troops, and the advance was made the more difficult by the flooding of the district by the Germans. Eventually, however, the whole line of the river Maas was cleared of the enemy

AFTER THE FIGHTING HAD RECEDED FROM THE TOWN OF HERTOGENBOSCH. By the side of one of the canals running through the town a group of townsfolk discuss the events of the past few days. A mass of war debris floats on the water

Very heavy fighting took place in and around this spot until it was finally cleared of the Germans on October 27. During the British assault, Hertogenbosch was under constant shell- and mortar-fire from both sides. A great many houses were completely wrecked and the town was for some time without water or light. But as soon as the fighting was over, and the final pockets of snipers cleared out, the people emerged from their cellars, or returned from the neighbouring countryside to resume their interrupted existence

THE FIRST ENSA SHOW TO BE GIVEN IN GERMANY, only 500 yards from the firing-line, in front of a house belonging to a cousin of Göring

The first Anglo-American show to be given on German soil since the outbreak of war was presented by E.N.S.A. (assisted by the swing band of an American formation) to a mixed audience of American and British troops. The show was played just beyond the German frontier, 500 yards from the enemy, at a house that belonged to a cousin of Hermann Göring. This company arrived in Normandy with the first E.N.S.A. contingent during the last week in July. Twenty-four hours after landing they were playing to the Army in the field. For three weeks they were under canvas themselves, being shelled continuously. They played in Caen while it was still smoking. They then joined up with the Canadian First Army, and gave four shows a day at the Falaise Gap, a few days after the fighting was over, to audiences of 5,000 at each performance. They then did a big "hop" of over 400 miles, from Normandy to Belgium, where, for a time, they were living within six miles of the enemy lines with nothing between them and the Germans but two Belgian observation-posts. They were the first company to play in Nijmegen, and were twice cut off by the Germans when the road to Eindhoven was cut

NEWS PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS

HOW THE ELECTION FEVER GRIPPED NEW YORK : Fifty million Americans went to the polls last week to decide whether President Roosevelt was to be elected for a fourth term, or whether Governor Dewey was to be the new President of the United States. The decision of the nation was emphatically in favour of Mr. Roosevelt. Much bitterness was manifested during the closing stages of the campaign. This picture was taken in New York City as the President, accompanied by his wife and by Mayor La Guardia, drove through the showers of rain and ticker-tape during a 50-mile campaigning tour, to demonstrate to the people that his health was not as bad as his opponents tried to imply !

REGISTRATION BOOTHS IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK : These temporary huts were put in key locations to handle 3,200,000 registrants. They were used as polling booths on Election Day

LORD GORT ARRIVES IN PALESTINE : The new High Commissioner arrived in Jerusalem by air on October 31, and was installed in his new office in the capital. Here he is seen (in Army uniform, seated) listening to the Address at the swearing-in ceremony

BRAZILIAN TROOPS EMBARK FOR ITALY : Men of the Second Contingent of the Brazilian Expeditionary Force are here seen boarding a transport in Brazil. They are bound for Italy, where they will join their comrades already fighting side by side with the Allies

THE SCENE AT A TRIAL IN BRUGES OF BELGIANS CHARGED WITH TREASON. The first Belgian to receive the death sentence

Trials are now taking place in the High Court at Bruges—the Old Bailey of Belgium—of people from various parts of the country charged with working with the Germans and with collaborationist activities. This picture was taken as the first death sentence was announced. The man in the dock is Alleyn Paul, who comes from Blankenberghe. He is a tailor by profession : he was found guilty of working with the German Military Police and of recruiting young Belgians for work in Germany ; he was also a member of the "Flemish Guard," the members of which were given German military training. Paul was proved to have received regular payment from the Nazi military authorities during the occupation

THE PACIFIC COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF RETURNS TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS : General Douglas MacArthur is here seen aboard a landing craft after he had left the U.S. cruiser *Nashville*. He is shaking hands with Rear-Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, Commander of the Amphibious Forces of the U.S. Seventh Fleet. General MacArthur fulfilled his pledge to return to the Philippines when he announced on October 20 that his Sixth Army had landed on Leyte Island—where this picture was taken as the General went ashore

THE ADMIRAL OF THE U.S. THIRD FLEET VISITS ANGUAR ISLAND : Admiral William F. Halsey (carrying coat) is here stepping ashore on the southernmost island in the Palau group, which was wrested from the Japanese after a terrific blasting by ships and planes of his Fleet. Major-General Paul J. Mueller, commander of the 81st Infantry Division which landed on the island on September 16, heads the procession of officers accompanying the Admiral. From the Palaus, which flank the Philippines, Admiral Halsey led the Third Fleet in an attack on Japan's innermost defences—in the Ryukyu Islands ; at Luzon ; in the Pescadores ; and at Formosa. Enemy planes destroyed during these operations numbered 828

ON THE ISLAND OF CORFU : The arrival of General Kamaras. General Kamaras, Commander of the 10th National Partisan Division, arrived in Corfu by boat from the battlefront on the Greek mainland. His division has liberated several towns, including Paramythia, Parga and Igoumenizze. The General was taken in procession to the Prefecture ; then he came out into the King George First Square, where he attended a short remembrance service and placed a wreath on an improvised cenotaph. The original cenotaph was destroyed by German and Italian bombs. Here Mr. Makas, the Greek Government representative, is making a short speech before placing his wreath on the cenotaph. In the centre is General Kamaras

MR. ANTHONY EDEN IN ATHENS : During his visit to the Greek capital on the return journey from Moscow, Mr. Eden visited the Acropolis ; he was accompanied by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Admiral Sir John Cunningham and the Greek Prime Minister. Here he is seen acknowledging the cheers of the crowd : M. Papandreou is walking beside him, and behind are General Wilson and Admiral Cunningham

***On left*—THE FIRST "LIBERATION." FOOD SHIP REACHES GREECE : The Prime Minister helps to unload the first sack of flour ; Lieut.-General Scobie, G.O.C. Greece, is on the left. *On right*—THE FIRST CRAFT FILLED WITH ALLIED SUPPLIES COMES ALONGSIDE AT THE PIRÆUS and unloading begins immediately.** After many months of planning, Military Liaison (Greece) is now beginning to assist the Greek Government, by bringing in supplies of all kinds. Six months' supplies have been arranged, amounting to 700,000 tons. The first food ship (since the liberation of Greece began) to unload was the British merchantman s.s. *Coulgorm*, with British Empire and American food supplies aboard. The shortages in Greece are more serious than in any other part of the Continent

GREAT DAYS AHEAD FOR CIVIL AVIATION

The Part that the British Overseas Airways Corporation is Playing To-day and Will Play in Post-war Air Travel

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

FLYING personnel of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command, Bomber Command, Transport Command, and even Fighter Command, must be wondering what place there may be for them in post-war civil aviation. They will have read about the conferences on civil aviation, the latest of which has been taking place in Chicago. Many of them, of course, will be glad to return to their peacetime jobs; yet others will want to make a career out of the Royal Air Force. Others presume that the war against Japan will continue for a long time after the collapse of Germany. Numbers, however, must be computing their chances of joining British Overseas Airways Corporation, and thus putting to practical use their knowledge of wartime flying.

To-day, British Overseas Airways Corporation is flying twice as many miles as Imperial Airways flew in 1938. It is stretched very thin and wants many more recruits in every department, which include mechanics and ground crews, traffic and administrative personnel, and station managers, as well as pilots and aircrews. The latter must come from the R.A.F., and three crews will be needed for every civilian aeroplane. For each aeroplane should do 3,000 hours a year while crews can only do 1,000 hours per year. This may not sound much until you realise that it involves nearly three hours a day, including Sundays. But to become a civilian pilot is no easy matter. Wing-Commanders and Squadron-Leaders who have flown to Berlin, bombed it through intense flak, and returned home without interception by enemy fighters may imagine that to be a civilian pilot is a piece of cake, but this is not the case. In wartime, the briefing of a crew is done meticulously by experts; what is more, the aircraft need not necessarily return to the base intended for it. If the weather closes in, it may be diverted to one of several others. In any event, unless it brings its bombs back with it the aircraft is likely to land light, and, therefore, comparatively easily.

In the case of civilian flying, there can be none of this elaborate briefing. The pilots will have to fly in worse weather than would be normal in wartime, because of the importance of maintaining a regular service. They have to land with a full load and at the airport of their destination. There are no alternatives for them. Passengers, too, have to be carefully nursed. They must not be bumped about, nor flown, if possible, at heights where weather conditions will make them feel airsick. Civilian pilots need to know all about landing procedure, ships' papers, customs, as well as the flying regulations in different countries. They must be experienced in landing their aircraft smoothly at different levels. Thus, the Johannesburg-to-Calcutta route may involve landing at over 6,000 ft. above sea-level, or 200 ft. below sea-level (near the Dead Sea). The difference in the density of the air can make all the difference to putting an aircraft down comfortably. The civilian pilot has to work out the question of his petrol and his meteorological forecast, which in the Royal Air Force are done for him by experts who brief him. In the air he is captain of the ship and has to make decisions but take no chances. A head wind of 60 miles per hour between Lisbon and London is quite normal, but can be very awkward.

The United States experts estimate that it takes five years for a second pilot to be experienced enough to take over command of an aircraft. Even British experts estimate that it takes at least a year of training an already experienced R.A.F. pilot. Investigations into crashes in America have been made exhaustively, with the result that 85 per cent. of the accidents are blamed on the pilot. It may be that his wireless-set was not working properly, or that dust from the cockpit flew into his controls. It may be that he was not physically fit.

Civilian pilots need to be super-types—first-class navigators, fit as fiddles, decisive and able to impart confidence to the passengers. Perhaps their most important attributes should be physical fitness. The different altitudes, temperatures, food, water and environment, produce a tremendous strain; at ground-level they may be sweating, at 10,000 ft. it may be very cold (in which connection I suspect that many passengers on B.O.A.C. after the war will not have the sense to realise that if they are going on a long-distance flight, they should literally go into training beforehand). Only the very best types of aircrew will be suitable for civilian flying, but as the supply will be far greater than the demand, British Overseas Airways Corporation will be able to pick and choose.

The average person, if asked how many aircraft he thought would be necessary to fly across the Atlantic all the passengers from steerage to Royal suites who cross the ocean annually in peacetime, would probably suggest that at least 2,000 aeroplanes would be necessary to maintain a daily service. Believe it or not, only forty-eight are necessary. Again, the peak year in cross-Channel travel was 1928-29, when 800,000 tourists from England went to the Continent and back again. The number of aeroplanes necessary to fly this number of people (though, of course, without their motor-cars) is fifty, so great is the speed and carrying capacity of the latest civilian aircraft. Another statistic is that eleven modern aircraft are enough to run a daily service to South Africa and carry all the passengers to and from Cape Town or Durban; whereas in 1939, over 300 aeroplanes would have been necessary, which would have been a completely uneconomic proposition. One can presume, of course, that as facilities increase, so demand for air travel will become greater, but, in the meantime, and going by 1939 standards, an astonishingly small number of aeroplanes will be necessary for B.O.A.C. to carry all the passengers likely to use its services.

Most people have a rough idea of the amount of internal air travel in the United States, and there is a great deal of it. Three hundred and fifty aeroplanes were necessary to absorb the demands of all the air traffic before the war in the United States. At the present minute the Americans are building 15,000 aircraft of various types per month; while Great Britain is building 5,000. Simple mathematics show that a fortnight's production of aircraft will satisfy the entire needs of Great Britain and the United States for a whole year.

Only the very best of flying personnel, therefore, will be acceptable as civilian pilots in British Overseas Airways Corporation. And they will all have to go through strenuous training at a first-class aviation school, which will be characterised by rigorous enforcement of discipline. This school will include courses for everyone.

It is possible, as far as flying personnel is concerned, that the Government will continue the short-service commission started before the war, which gave the pilot and aircrews five years in the R.A.F. If this occurs after the present war, the best of them might be given a further five years on the reserve, which would involve employment in British Overseas Airways Corporation.

The engineer and ground crews are in a different category, and the latest White Paper proposes a £2,500,000 Air College as the technical university of future British civil aviation. The six main subjects in the College's syllabus would, if approved, be aerodynamics, aircraft structures, engineering design, aircraft equipment, engines and systems of propulsion, production administration and maintenance. The primary function of the College would be to provide two years' general training in aeronautics to fifty students a year. Shorter specialised courses are recommended for another 200 students. As the Committee recommending this college states: "The future of aeronautics may be even more significant than sea-power for the Dominions, India and the Colonies. We believe that progress will now depend less on the genius and resource of individuals and more on the organisation, investigation and experimentation of trained workers using large-scale equipment in teams."

ON ONE OF THE EMPIRE FLYING ROUTES: An Ensign operated by the B.O.A.C. circling to land at Khartoum: The out-stations of the British Overseas Airways Corporation along the British air routes which have been kept open throughout the war are sometimes alongside the great cities of the world, and sometimes scattered in the most desolate and remote places. The British ground staff of B.O.A.C. form a skeleton staff over the whole system, but local labour is widely employed at each station

THE B.O.A.C. EMPIRE FLYING-BOAT "CANOPUS" at her moorings at a refuelling halt situated on the Congo River

As for the future of British Overseas Airways Corporation, this depends a great deal on whether it is content to remain a civil airline or whether it will develop into a real transportation system like the Canadian Pacific Railway, with its own hotels and other necessary appendages. If it becomes a transportation system, it will evidently need thousands more employees than at present. At the same time, the bulk of them will be employed on the ground rather than in the air. In any event, Great Britain ought to be able to maintain the same superiority in air travel as it has always enjoyed in sea travel. The British know how to look after their customers better than the Americans, and the training school proposed by B.O.A.C. should put the final polish on all ranks of the British civil air world, keeping them not only up to date on new developments, but also smart, efficient, disciplined and courteous.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE PIPE-LINE THROUGH FRANCE UP TO THE FRONT: Trestle bridges are built over rough country to carry the petrol line from the beachhead

PICTURES FROM FRANCE

Showing Scenes Behind the Fighting Fronts

ONE OF THE DEPOTS SET UP ALONG THE PIPE-LINE. As the front advances, so the material is moved forward to extend the length of the line and to take the petrol right up to the front

The two pictures (above and on left), taken during the construction of the Allied oil pipe-line which stretches from the Normandy beaches into the heart of France, give a glimpse of how one of the unique engineering feats of the war was carried out. A special U.S. Army engineer organisation, known as the Petroleum Distribution Group, was in charge of the work and, despite continual hazard from enemy attack and difficult working conditions, the pipe-line was constructed in record time. Many members of this group formerly worked in the oilfields of Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and California. Millions of gallons of petrol and oil, ranging from high-octane aviation spirit, motor transport fuel and Diesel oil, are now being pumped from the beachhead pipe-line heads, which are fed by convoys of tankers. Pumping stations scattered along the way keep the fuel moving, and tank-lorries pick up the petrol from distributing points at the end of the line

THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD RUNNING THROUGH FRANCE FROM THE BEACHHEADS AND PORTS TO THE BATTLE LINE. *On left*—A column of U.S. Army trucks, rolling down a traffic lane of the "Red Ball" convoy route, passing a sign which forbids French civilians to use the road reserved for the convoys. *On right*—A lorry and trailer, carrying supplies, passing down the "Red Ball" highway

The battle behind the battle in Europe is being won, in part, by hundreds of thousands of road vehicles carrying supplies from the ports and beaches to the troops at the front. Convoys of lorries cover up to 900 miles daily over special traffic lanes restricted to military use and known as the "Red Ball express." Repair and maintenance depots line the routes: there are also refuelling areas, first-aid stations and stopping-off points where tired drivers rest and new ones take over for the last lap of the journey

***On left*—GENERAL DE GAULLE MISSES AN EXPLOSION BY FIFTEEN MINUTES.** Just after General de Gaulle had left the Ivry Cemetery in Paris, where he attended a ceremony in honour of 850 victims of the Gestapo buried there, an ammunition-train in a nearby siding caught fire and the arms with which it was loaded started to explode. Some of the debris fell in the cemetery. The ceremony was held on All Saints' Day, and (above) the General is seen talking with the relatives of some of the patriots after he had laid a wreath on the graves

***Lower left*—THE FIRE WHICH FOLLOWED THE EXPLOSION IN THE VITRY RAILWAY YARD.** Rumours flew round Paris whilst General de Gaulle was at the Ivry Cemetery, that the capital was being attacked by a new kind of German "secret weapon." What really happened was that trucks of an ammunition-train in Vitry Station had blown up, hurling shells into the air. This picture was taken after the flames had died down

***On right*—THE PARIS EDITOR who has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.** Stephanne Lauzanne, seventy-two-year-old editor of *Le Matin*, stands in the dock before the Paris Assize Court accused of advocating collaboration with the Germans. The jury found extenuating circumstances, and he was sentenced to twenty years in a solitary cell and confiscation of all his property. He was defended by two advocates, but Lauzanne, an experienced speaker, also defended himself hotly

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

TRUTH OF INTERCOURSE.—In the course of my life, the lengthening journey has been sweetened by several friendships. I fancy I have been blessed with a high average in that line of confectionery. Among my friends there still survive three, or perhaps four, who have taught me something of the value of truth in intercourse.

If you reflect, you will probably agree that in human relations truth does not hold its head high. There are a number of sound excuses for its submersion. Many tactful, kindly, sympathetic people will frankly declare that its proper home *is* the bottom of the well. There it does least harm. They say that, in this world of ours, in the truth there is more that is unpleasant than pleasant. No need, therefore, in drawing the daily water-supply, to lower the bucket needlessly. The surface water is sweet enough and more palatable.

In his *Virginibus Puerisque*, Stevenson wrote a paper with this caption. I do not remember that his conclusions were very clear or forcible, but I do recall that he marshalled his facts and arguments very thoroughly and left me the impression that his view of the general lack of truth in human intercourse coincided with mine. Among his authorities he quoted Thoreau: "It takes two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." A pregnant sentence. No doubt at all, it is the average man's doubt of man's ability to hear the truth that makes the truth so little spoken.

In anger, we speak the truth quite skilfully. We cease for a moment to consider the discomfort of hearing it.

When a nice child brings us his poem or drawing to admire, we lie splendidly and admire it.

Sometimes when a nasty child brings us this token of his genius, we tell the truth . . . and feel the inevitable remorse.

It is my fate, or fortune, to write for a living. I am now an old hand. No one in my home or circle need suffer from my exercises. I write my daily quota in private; I have long ceased to try my effusions on the dog. No one reads me or hears me read before I am in print—and then they can please themselves. But when I was younger and greener, I well remember I sometimes had recourse to my family and friends and tried my purple passages on the dog. . . . I retain therefore a sneaking sympathy with the nasty child who, for once in a way, got the truth, the whole truth.

Can the Truth be Hid?—Yet, in sober fact and on cool reflection, was the customary convention of concealing the truth for kindness' sake either humane or wise? Is it not best that the child who draws very badly or the aspirant who shows no literary promise should hear the truth, or at least learn some of his more glaring faults?

And as for humanity, is the truth really hidden behind the conventional mask of polite lying?

You know, the average man can seldom juggle with voice inflexions. He can call black white, but only a master can convince his hearer that black is white. Looking back, I doubt if as a youth and greenhorn I was ever really convinced by that conventional "Yes, very nice" which was substituted for a catalogue of criticisms which must have sprung to the mind's eye of my victim. In Stevenson's woeful catalogue of the eternal lies in human intercourse are many examples alike of the lie avoidable and the lie inevitable.

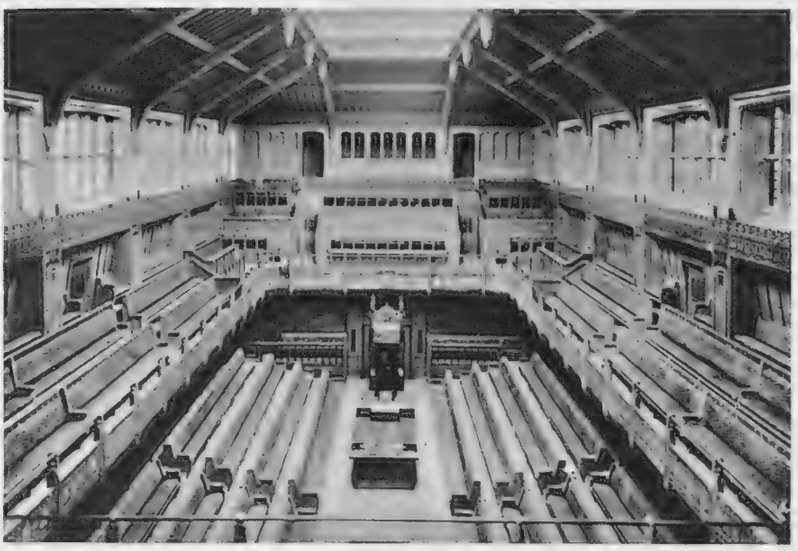
"*Do you forgive me?*" "Madam and sweetheart, so far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means." "*Is it still the same between us?*" "Why, how can it be? It is eternally different; and yet you are still the friend of my heart." "*Do you understand me?*" "God knows; I think it highly improbable."

Yet posed with any of these three questions, Stevenson's and your answer would be in the affirmative in each case in ordinary human intercourse.

There are many questions which cannot be answered with the truth, not because the truth is unpalatable, but because it is not known. There are many instances in human life when the cruellest truths or lies are told in silence. "A man," says R. L. S., "may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator." And that is well observed. In short, it is a vast subject, intricate and contradictory, and not to be marshalled and arranged for brief exposition or clear-cut conclusions.

My experience seems to convince me that in human relations as much of the truth as possible should be used between man and man, and (*a fortiori?*) between nation and nation.

The Muddy Mind.—The conventions of civilised society in the last century (or longer; since the age of Reason petered out) have given mankind a very muddled and even muddy mind. We skim the surface of things and scoop up the scum. We are as a race deplorably incurious concerning knowledge generally and our own institutions in particular. We accept the values set by our ancestors on all too many of our own institutions and absorb new notions and discoveries only in headlines or tabloid form. We are led thereby to accept all that is new as good because it is new, or, if we are tradition-bound, as bad because it is new. We seldom examine these things carefully enough to judge of them on their merits.



THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: A model of the recommended new Chamber, fully described in a report just issued by Earl Winterton's Select Committee, which has been considering the rebuilding of the House of Commons, destroyed by enemy action. The Chamber will be artificially lighted from glass panels in the centre portion of the ceiling, and it is proposed to floodlight the Commons' Lobby from the deep window-sills. The Committee selected Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., to design the new Chamber and also invited Dr. Oscar Faber, D.Sc., the well-known ventilation and heating expert, to submit a scheme for ventilating and heating the House. There will be greater accommodation for Members and the Press, and one of the features is to be a special Gallery for Princess Elizabeth. The project should cost approximately £784,000

In my trade, I am conscious of this superficiality. Journalism has its eye on the clock. It affords all too little time for spade work and discrimination. That is why I value and often profit by the cooler judgments of those of my friends who have time and inclination to think things out for themselves.

The nearer I travel to man's allotted span-end, the less time I can endure to waste with the shams of life and with the human façades of my acquaintance. Every year I value the more frankness-even-to-brutality and that truth in intercourse which strips away the conventions and wrappings and sees things as they are, divorced from the superficial values set on them by ignorant minds or commercially-shrewd minds or shallow minds. If ever there was a time in our history when the citizen should take off his coat mentally and dig for Victory, it is now in the new revolution. The new model of social security for all is officially conditioned as dependent for success or failure on the nation's willingness and ability to work. It depends far more, and nearer the source, on his ability to think.

And it seems to me that what is true of intercourse between man and man is not less true of international relations.

No doubt it is a fact that even to-day a nation does not (and cannot) "speak to a nation." What happens in international relations is that a very few individuals of one nation speak, largely in their own characters, to a few individuals in another nation.

The British people do not exchange views with the Russians. Mr. Churchill writes and talks to M. Stalin, and the voice is the voice of Churchill, though it may happens to be at times that Churchill's voice be the majority voice of this nation, and Stalin's voice the echo of the great voice of all the Russias.

But it is not always so.

Britain and Russia.—And the mention of Russia (as an example) leads me to refer to a particular anxiety regarding our international relations with Russia, which I felt keenly during the late Moscow Conference. I have long been worried by the patent lack of truth in our intercourse with Russia. I hold the view that in the vital days ahead those relations would be not only more effective, but even sweeter, by an access of frankness, firmness and even honesty.

I think the Russians would appreciate us and our effort more if we could achieve, if only through the medium of our official channels of communication, a greater degree of frankness.

After all, in our relations with Russia only three years ago there was little of brotherhood, love and understanding; and, short as is the human and the national memory, it is not so short that these things, and the hard words exchanged, are totally forgotten.

Under the excuse of war expediency, in a fight for sheer survival, we have more than once compromised our national honour, eaten our pledged word and "agreed to forget" some very trenchant criticisms we made very recently of Russian policy and Russian practices, but I do not suppose that the shrewd Russian has forgotten these criticisms or thinks the higher of us for our strategical amnesia. I hold that we are to-day a great nation, so proven to the hilt. I believe Russia is the same.

Alike in greatness, we are totally different in other characteristics and qualities. Among my own intimate friends, I can think of a couple whom my own circle regard as superior beings. It is in my mind that if our relations to-day with Russia could be conducted on the principles practised by these two friends of mine, not only would those relations be sweeter and more productive of lasting good, but we as a nation might gain in dignity and unhappy Europe in security. Is it too late to try? It is my hope and belief that in the late conferences at Moscow, the attempt *was* made and successfully made. Indeed, Mr. Churchill has given us an assurance to that effect.

That is certainly progress in the right direction.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

PRIVATE LIVES (Apollo).—After we had been patiently waiting long past the appointed time on the first night of this revival, Mr. Noel Coward duly appeared in the vacant box to which many eyes were being turned, was greeted with some clapping, bowed and smiled, and took his seat. The main event of the evening thus being over, the curtain was permitted to rise. Mr. Coward's play comes out of the drawer after 14 years without a speck of dust on it and is the greatest fun.

The acting is not quite up to the 1930 vintage, which is not to say that it is not extremely good. Miss Peggy Simpson, Mr. Raymond Huntley, Mr. John Clements and Miss Kay Hammond form an admirable quartet and seem to revel in those hilarious matrimonial muddles.

Too True to be Good (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Does this play of Shaw's wear better than Coward's play? I do not know. But I do know that it is not such a good one. The first act is about the dullest Shaw, or any dramatist, ever wrote. In the last act he rises to superb heights and says many profound things. But of dramatic interest there is none, in spite of a plot of sorts.

The Lyric stock company for this Shaw repertory season (it is good to know that we shall see more worthy plays than this) is more than capable. Miss Ellen Pollock, who is also the producer, was brilliant as the nurse. Mr. Michael Golden's job was to talk and talk and talk, and it was not his fault that one grew tired of all that talk. Miss Patricia Hilliard had to utter what must surely be the dirtiest and most unsavoury sentence Shaw ever wrote.

Anglo-Russian Merry-Go-Round (Adelphi).—Any revue has to be a hotch-potch, but this is a startlingly odd one. With its preponderantly Russian flavour, let us call it, rather, a hotchki-potchki. It is good entertainment from beginning to end, and I see no reason why it should not be as successful as the Anglo-Soviet alliance. Russian music, from Rimsky-Korsakov to folk-song, is here in plenty, well sung and played by a first-class orchestra. As for the dancing—well, no Russian ballet that I have seen as yet has fallen far short of perfection; the *prima-ballerina* of this one is that exquisite creature, Nina Tarakanova.

The chief English contributor is Mr. George Lacy, a clever comedian, whose speciality is female impersonation. Here he pantomime-dames it to the top of his bent. Miss Pat Leonard has a most piquant personality and an attractive appearance.

A SITE IN POPLAR, WHERE TEMPORARY HOUSES ARE BEING ERECTED to accommodate workers whose former homes have disappeared. The problem of housing is the most urgent with which the Government have to deal. Much depends on what can be achieved between now and the end of the German war: thousands upon thousands of homes have gone for ever; yet accommodation will have to be found in London for those who must return when the war comes to an end and Industry becomes geared up to peacetime needs. Lorry-loads of the temporary huts seen in the picture above, and on the right below, are pouring into London daily. Many have already been delivered in Poplar, and workmen from the Midlands have completed some of them. These huts are being built on bombed sites, and the existing electricity and water mains are being utilised. The first tenants are on the point of moving in

HOUSES for the PEOPLE

How a Vital Problem is Being Tackled for the Post-War Period

THE EXTERIOR OF A COMPLETED BUNGALOW, built by workers in a Home Counties aircraft factory. At a factory near London, where Government orders for wooden parts of Halifax bomber-wings are now coming to an end, lightweight post-war bungalows are being made out of the same material—plywood with a filling of compressed sawdust. The smooth transition in production means that the factory will be able to produce 100 of these houses—embodying secrets of the Mosquito's construction—each week. With the adoption of new developments in synthetic materials, 1,000 a week is a likely figure soon. The estimated cost of each house, including assembly, is £600

WHAT THE TEMPORARY HOUSES LOOK LIKE: A close-up of one of the huts now being built on a bombed site in Poplar, in East London

PRE-FABRICATED HUTS AWAIT SITES IN LONDON: A scene in Lambeth, where a dumping-ground has been established for the pre-fabricated parts of hutments which are to be built as soon as sites have been allocated for their reception. Civil Defence workers are engaged in the work of storing the parts. Apparently, corrugated iron will be used in considerable quantities for this type of temporary structure

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WHEN "PICKLE" BROUGHT NEWS OF TRAFALGAR

A Novel of Nelson's Victory and Death; A Pilot's Adventures in Occupied France; "Kingcol's" Brief War; Our Building Inheritance; Birds and Hunting

IT is, quite literally, years since Mr. H. E. Bates wrote a novel; not since the beginning of the war as far as I can remember, though I will admit that during the war one's sense of time has telescoped and expanded in a very erratic way. However that may be, a new novel from him is an event, and I read **FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE** (Joseph. 9s. 6d.) with more than ordinary interest.

I can say at once that you will probably share that feeling. This is an escape-story and a love-story, and both are given great authenticity by the simplicity of the action and of the primitive emotions of the hunted, devoted lovers. A bomber pilot crashes in France with his crew, and they are sheltered by a French family, escaping towards England one by one, till only the pilot, whose arm has been amputated, is left. Finally he too makes his way south to Marseilles, with the daughter of the house, who loves him. In Marseilles, he meets another member of the bomber crew, and the three start together for safety. At the frontier this friend sacrifices his life for them so that the man and the girl can reach security together. It might be objected that this is a familiar plot, and perhaps it is, but that objection is never valid when the story is told with such passion and yet with such control as it is here. My own criticism would be of Mr. Bates' strange adoption of the clipped, repetitive, monosyllabic stichomythia of Hemingway, which is responsible for such passages as this:

"Where will you be?" he said.
"I shall be in the church," she said.
"However long I am?"
"However long you are."
"Shall I come back to you there?"
"Yes, you had better come back there," she said. "If you don't come back there I shall know something has happened."

Effective? Maybe. Irritating? Certainly. But the rest of the book is far too good to dismiss on that count.

The device of a race against time is always exciting, whether it is in fact, fiction or film, like that unforgettable ride of Danton in an old Griffiths' picture. Miss Clemence Dane has chosen such a race for the theme of her new novel, and on that theme she plays a number of variations with her usual virtuosity. **HE BRINGS GREAT NEWS** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) opens, proceeds and closes in drama, and is a remarkably sustained performance.

It is the story of a Lieutenant John Lapenotiere, captain of the little schooner *Pickle*, which was in the action of Trafalgar. After Nelson's death Collingwood entrusts the carrying of the news to the young officer and his fast little ship. He is to sail immediately for Falmouth, and to ride from there to London to the Admiralty and the King, to tell them of the glorious victory of Trafalgar, and Nelson's glorious death. His will be the first voice to tell them, and the despatches he bears from Collingwood will give the world the first account of the battle.

Lapenotiere is not alone in his race, however, for a Captain Sykes sets out from Lisbon with a better-equipped ship, thinking it more than possible that the *Pickle* would have foundered in the Bay of Biscay. They arrive at almost the same moment in London, but Lapenotiere has a few moments' lead, and it is to him that the King shows himself as moved by the news of Nelson's death as the poorest sailor who was under Nelson's command.

This is the barest sketch of a story which has far greater fullness than I can indicate here, and at least two minor plots contrived with such ingenuity that they contribute to the mounting sense of tension rather than confuse it. I thoroughly enjoyed myself with this novel, and I would make a very substantial bet that you will do as much.

Part of Mr. Somerset de Chair's book, **THE GOLDEN CARPET** (Faber. 15s.), was published last year in a limited and luxurious edition by the Golden Cockerel Press. The present volume includes that text, as well as a further part, *The Silver Crescent*, and some excellent R.A.F. reconnaissance photographs. It is an account of the Thirty Days War from May 2 to June 1, 1941, of the little army that marched to the shores of the Mediterranean to the Euphrates across a track of waterless desert never before crossed in all history by a conquering army. They struck onwards to the very banks of the Tigris to capture Bagdad and enter the City of the Caliphs.

Mr. de Chair took part in this action, and his narrative has the advantage of the eye-witness authority, and the drawback of an over-personal point of view which allows the writer to describe the most trivial of his own experiences with complete composure. The history of the action itself is what must, or should, engage the reader's attention, and this was brilliant enough in all conscience.

The Desert Patrol of Glubb Pasha, who has been called a new Lawrence of Arabia, with detachments of the Household Cavalry and the Essex Regiment, all under the leadership of Brigadier Kingstone, overcame the Iraq Army and, by relieving Bagdad, cleared the way for the campaign against the Vichy forces in Syria. "Kingcol's" brief war was a self-contained and dramatic episode of the larger war scene and, from a purely literary point of view, has the merits of simplicity, compactness, speed and success.

The latter half of the book is an account of the crossing of the Syrian Desert, to surround and occupy the fortress of Palmyra; which completes the story of "Kingcol."

OUR BUILDING INHERITANCE (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is just the kind of book to cheer a man who has walked to work in the morning through bomb-scarred streets and trudged back through the black-out to the inconvenient flat where he is living since he was bombed out of his own. Mr. Walter Godfrey, the author, is an architect, and his book has two purposes: to remind us that we have in our country a very great number of beautiful small buildings and houses, and that we should remember them and their tradition when we come to the practical reconstruction of post-war years. An important proportion of the volume is devoted to photographs of town and country houses, and to be really frank it is this part of it that most attracts me, and to which I constantly refer. Mr. Godfrey has chosen them with the greatest discrimination—not surprisingly, since he is the Secretary of the National Buildings Record.

This is the story of essentially domestic architecture as we know it in England; whether it is the stone houses of the Cotswolds, or the weather-boarded cottages of West Kent, or the dignified, rosy brick of Winchester and Salisbury. Mr. Godfrey makes it clear that his book is not an apology for the old and antiquated, nor hostile to what is new and vigorous in present-day building. On the contrary, it is a well-reasoned plea for learning from the practical examples of the past.

Another and more specialised illustrated book is **BIRDS OF THE DAY** (Collins. 12s. 6d.). This is mainly a collection of bird photographs, with a little explanatory text, both by Mr. Eric Hosking and Mr. Cyril Newberry. My own knowledge of their subject is lamentably little, but it takes no special qualifications to appreciate the fineness of the photography, or to guess at the patient hours spent in the passive business of waiting in hides or, more strenuously, scaling mountains to reach the habitat of such rarities as the dotterel.

Incidentally, the dotterel must be rather fun. For one thing, the hen bird has trained the cock to keep the eggs warm for days on end while she leads her own carefree existence; for another, the birds are friendly and unafraid of humans, even allowing themselves to be stroked. And as a final attraction, they are very good actors and will limp over the ground, trailing apparently broken wings, to lead strangers away from their nests.

I think the most dramatic photograph is of the rare marsh harrier (a Norfolk bird, I learn), and the most winning the study of the grasshopper-warbler "approaching mouselike through the undergrowth" to her nest. The book is well produced and the photographs, as I say, superbly taken.

If I am not qualified to write about bird-watching, I am even less the person to give my views on hunting in England and the United States. But if I can't comment on the matter of **THE PERFECT FOLLOWER** (Collins. 6s.), I can at least review the style, which owes a little to Somerville and Ross, and a great deal to the author's own ability to tell a good story. For this is mainly a book of reminiscences in fiction form, told with great amiability and, as it were, in front of a good fire with muddied breeches, slippered feet and three boiled eggs for tea.

Mr. Henry Higginson has contributed many stories to *Country Life*, and his writing is easy and practised. For those who hunt, or those who think nostalgically of their hunting days, I can imagine no more appropriate Christmas present.

AMERICAN NURSES PAY TRIBUTE TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: A scene in the quaint little village of East Wellow, in Hampshire, where recently American nurses and doctors gathered around the graveside of Florence Nightingale to pay homage to her memory. A short service was held and wreaths were placed on the grave

EMBLEY PARK, THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, which was later visited by the American doctors and nurses

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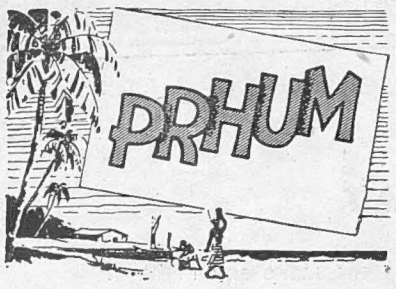

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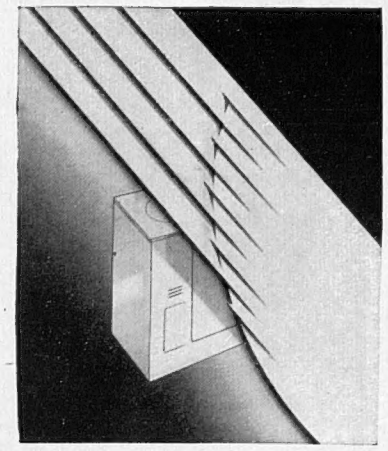

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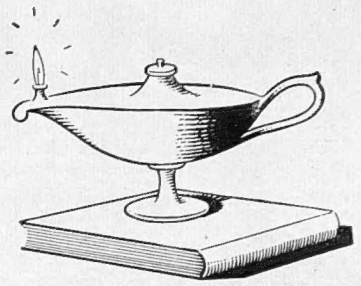

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